

~~IL PASTOR~~
IL PASTOR
F I D O:

O R,

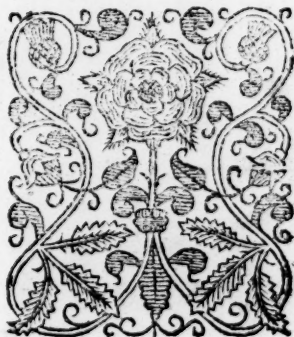
~~Li. C. fol. 16.~~

THE FAITHFVLL

Shepherd.

21.

Translated out of Italian
into English.



L O N D O N,

Printed by *Aug. Matth.* for *William*
Sheares, at the signe of the Harrow
in *Britaines Burse.* 1633.

253
11.10.18



TO THE
TRVLY ENO-
BLED, CHARLES
DYMCK, Esquire,
Champion to his
Majestie.

NOBLE SIR,

THat it may ap-
peare unto the
world, that you
are Heire of what ever
else was your Fathers, as

A 3 well

The Epistle

well as of his Vertues, I
heere restore what for-
merly his gracious ac-
ceptance made onely
hi : VVhich as a testi-
monie to all, that it re-
ceived Life from none
but from him, was con-
tent to loose it's beeing
with us, since hee cea-
sed to bee; Thus had it
still continued, but that
animated by you, whom
a'll know to resemble
your Father as truely as
hee

Dedicatorie.

I he did vertue. To doubt
of acceptance, would bee
an iniurie to your good
parts, which are so con-
spicuous, that while o-
thers busie themselves in
heaping up Titles, it shall
be Honor enough for me
to be termed

Your humble Servant,

JOHN WATERSON.

THE AMERICAN
JOHN WATSON



To the right worthy and
learned Knight, Sir Edward
Dymock, Champion to her Ma-
jestie, concerning this transla-
tion of PASTOR FIDO.

I Doe rejoyce, learned and worthie Knight,
That by the hand of thy kinde Countrey-man
(This painefull and industrious Gentleman)
Thy deare esteem'd Guarini comes to light :
Who in thy loue I know, tooke great delight,
As thou in his, who now in England can
Speake as good English as Italian,
And heere enjoyes the grace of his owne right.
Though I remember hee hath oft imbas'd
Vnto us both, the vertues of the North,
Saying, our coasts were with no Measures grac'd,
Nor barbarous tongues could any verse bring forth.
I would hee saw his owne, or knew our store,
Whose spirits can yeeld as much, and if not more.

Sam. Daniell.

A Son-



A Sonnet of the Translator, de-
dicated to that Honorable Knight,
his Kinsman, Sir EDVVARD
DYMOKK.

A Silly hand hath fashiond up a sute
Of English clothes unto a traveller,
A noble minde though Shepheards weeds hee
weare,
That might consort his tunes with Tasso's lute,
Learned Guarinies first begotten fruit,
I haue assum'd the courage to rebeare,
And him an English Denizen made here,
Presenting him unto the sonnes of Brute.
If I haue faild t'expresse his native looke,
And be in my translation tax'd of blame,
I must appeale to that true censures booke
That sayes, 'tis harder to reforme a frame,
Than for to build from groundworke of ones
A new creation of a noble fit. (wit,

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF HENRY THE SEVENTH
BY JOHN HALL

IN THREE VOLUMES
THE FIRST

LONDON: Printed by J. B. for J. B. 1700

BY J. B.

1700



The Persons which speak in it.

Silvio, the sonne of *Montanus*.

Linco, an old servant of *Montanus*.

Mirtillo, in loue with *Amarillis*.

Ergasto, his Companion.

Corisca, a Nymph, in loue with *Mirtillo*.

Montanus, the high Priest.

Titirus, a Shepheard.

Dametas, an old servant of *Montanus*.

Satyr, an old Lover of *Coriscaes*.

Dorinda, enamoured of *Silvio*.

Lupino, a Goteheard, her servant.

Amarillis, daughter of *Titirus*.

Nicander, chiefe Minister of the Priest.

Coridon, a Lover of *Coriscaes*.

Carino, an old man, the putatiue father of
Mirtillo.

Vranio, an old man his Companion.

Nuntio.

Tirenio, a blinde Prophet.



IL PASTOR FIDO.

OR,

THE FAITHFULL
SHEPHEARD.

Chorus of $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \textit{Shepherds.} \\ \textit{Huntsmen.} \\ \textit{Nymphes.} \\ \textit{Priests.} \end{array} \right.$

The Scene is in *Arcadia*.

ACT. I. SCENE. I.

Silvio. Linco.



Oe you that haue enclos'd the dread-
full beast,
And giue the signe that's usuall to
our hunting.
Goe swell your eyes and hearts with
hornes and shouts.

If there be any swaine of *Cynthia's* troupe
In all *Arcadia*, delighted in her sports,

B

Whose

The faithfull Shepherd.

Whose generous affects are stung with care,
Or glory of these woods: let him come forth,
And follow mee, where in a circle small
(Though to our valure large) inclosed is
The ougly Boare, monster of nature and these woods
That vast and fierce (by many harmes well knowne)
Inhabitant of *Erimanthus*, plague to the fields,
Terror to Countrey clownes. Goe then prevent
Not onely, but provoke with hornes shrill sound,
Blushing *Aurora* out. *Linco*, weele goe
And worship first the Gods: for there tis best
Wee any worke begin.

Lin. Silvio I praise

Thy worshipping the Gods, but yet to trouble them
That are their Ministers, I doe not praise.
The keepers of the Temple are asleepe,
They cannot see the day break for the mountains top,

Sil. To thee perhaps, that art not yet awake,
All things doe seeme asleepe.

Lin. O Silvio,

Did Nature on these youthfull yeares of thine
Bestow such beautie to be cast away?
Had I but such a ruddie cheeke? so fresh?
Farewell to woods, I'de follow other sports:
I'de weare my dayes in mirth: all Summer-tide
In daintie shades, Winter by the fire side.

Sil. Thy counsell, *Linco*, is like unto thy selfe,

Lin. At other pleasures would I aime, were I *Silvio*.

Sil. So would I, were I *Linco*, but I *Silvio* am,
Therefore I *Silvio's* deeds doe like, not *Linco's*.

Lin. O foole, that seekst so farre for hurtfull beasts,
And hast one lodg'd so neere thy dwelling house.

Sil. Art thou in earnest? or dost thou but jest?

Lin. Thou

The faithfull Shepheard.

Lin. Thou jests, not I.

Sil. And is hee then so neere ?

Lin. As neere as 'tis to thee.

Sil. VVhere ? in what wood ?

Lin. *Silvio*, thou art the wood : the ougly beast
hat's harbour'd there, is this thy beastlinesse.

Sil. VVas't not well guest of me thou didst but jest.

Lin. A Nymph so faire, so delicate ! but tush,
Why doe I call her Nymph, a Goddesse rather,
More fresh, more daintie, than the morning rose,
More soft, more purely white than swanny downe,
For whom there's not a Shepheard 'mongst us all so
But sighes, and sighs in vaine) for thee alone (brave,
Reserves her selfe, ordain'd by heav'n and men :

And yet thou neither thinkst of sighes or plaints.

O happie boy (though most unworthily)

Thou that mightst her enjoy, still flyest her *Silvio*,

Still her despisest. Is not then thy heart

Made of a beast, or of hard yron rather ?

Sil. If to relinquish loue be crueltie,

Then is it vertue, and I not repent

That I have banisht loue my heart, but joy

That thereby I haue overcome this loue,

A beast more dangerous than th'other farre.

Lin. How hast thou overcome that which thou
never proof'dst ?

Sil. Not proving it, I haue it overcome.

Lin. O if thou hadst but proof'd it *Silvio* once,

If thou but knewst what a high favour 'twere

To bee belov'd, and loving to possesse

A loving heart, I'm sure thou then wouldst say,

Sweet lovely life, why hast thou stayd so long ?

These woods and beasts leaue foolish child, and loue.

The faithfull Shepheard.

Sil. Linco, I sweare a thousand Nymphs Ile giue
For one poore beast that my *Metampo* kills :
Let them that haue a better taste than I
In these delights, possesse them, I will none.

Lin. Dost thou tast ought, since loue thou dost
The only cause that the world tasteth all ?
Beleeue me boy, the time will one day come
Thou wilt it taste. For Loue once in our life
Will shew what force he hath. Beleeue me child,
No greater paine can any living prooue,
Than in old limmes the liuely sting of loue.
Yet if in youth loue wound, that loue may heale:
But come it once in that same frozen age,
Wherefore oftentimes the disabilitie,
More than the wound wee plaine. O mortall then,
And most intollerable are those paines.
If thou seekest pitie, ill if thou findest it not,
But if thou findest it, ten times worse; doe not
Protract it till thy better time bee past :
For if Loue doe assaile thy hoary haire,
Thy silly flesh a double torment teares.
Of this which when thou wouldst thou canst not,
These woods and beasts, leaue foolish boy, and loue

Sil. As though there were no life but that which
These amorous follies, and fond extasies.

Lin Tell mee if in this pleasant time now flowres
renew,

And the world waxeth young againe, thou shouldst
In stead of flowry valleys, fragrant fields,
And wel clad woods, see but the oke, the ash, the pine
Without their leaue haire, grasselesse the ground,
The meadows want their flowres; wouldst thou not
The world doth languish ? Nature did decay?

The faithfull Shepheard.

Now that same horror, that same miracle,
That monstrous noveltie thou hast thy selfe.
Loue in old men is ridiculous:
Youth without loue is unnaturall.
Ooke but about (*Silvio*) what the world hath
Worthy to bee admir'd. Loue onely made
The heavens, the earth, the seas themselves do loue.
And that same Star that the daies-breake foretells,
Kisteth the flames of her thrice puissant sonne.
And at that houre, because perhaps she leaues
The stolne delights and bosome of her loue,
She darterh downe abroad her sparkling smiles.
The beasts in the woods doe loue; and in the seas
The speedy Dolphins, and the mightie Whales.
The bird that sweetly sings, and wantonly
Doth flie, now from the oake unto the ashe,
Then from the ashe unto the myrtle tree,
Says in her language I in loue doe burne.
Would I might heare my *Silvio* answer her the same)
The Bull amid the herd doth loudly loue,
Yet are those lowes but bidding to loves feasts.
The Lyon in the wood doth bray, and yet
Those brayes are not the voice of rage, but loue.
Well, to conclude, all things doe loue but thou,
Thou onely *Silvio*, art in heaven, in earth,
In seas, a soule uncapable of loue. (loue.
Leaue, leaue these woods, these beasts, and learne to
Sil. Was then my youth committed to thy charge?
That in these soft effeminate desires
Of wanton loue, thou shouldst it nurse and traine?
Remembrest not what thou, and what I am?
Lin. I am a man, and humane me esteeme,
With thee a man, or rather shouldst be so,

The faithfull Shepheard.

I speake of humane things ; which if thou scorn'st
Take heed lest in dishumaning thy selfe,
A beast thou prooue not sooner than a God.

Sil. Neither so famous, nor so valiant
Had been that Monster-tamer, of whose blood
I doe deriue my selfe, had hee not tamed loue.

Lin. See, blind child, how thou err'st : where had
thou been,

Had not that famous *Hercules* first lov'd ?
The greatest cause he Monsters tam'd was loue.
Knowest thou not that faire *Omphale* to please,
Hee did not onely change his Lyons skin
Into a womans gowne, but also turn'd
His knottie Club into a spindell and a rocke,
So was hee wont from trouble and from royle,
To take his ease, and all alone retire
To her faire lap, the haven of happie loue.
As rugged yron with purer mettall mixt,
Is made more fit (refin'd) for noble use:
So fierce and untam'd strength that in his proper rage
Doth often breake : yet with the sweets of loue
VVell temper'd, prooveth truly generous.
Then if thou dost desire to imitate
Great *Hercules*, and to be worthy of his race,
Though that thou wilt not leaue these savage woods,
Doe, follow them : but doe not leaue to loue,
A loue so lawfull as your *Amarillis*,
That you *Dorinda* flie, I you excuse,
For 'twere vnfit your minde on honour set,
Should bee made hot in these amorous thefts :
A mightie wrong unto your worthy Spouse.

Sil. What saist thou *Linco*? she's not yet my spouse.

Lin. Hast thou not solemnly receiv'd her faith ?

Take

The faithfull Shepheard.

Take heed proud boy, doe not provoke the Gods.

Sil. The gift of heaven is humane libertie,
May wee not force repell, that force receiue?

Lin. Nay, if thou would'st but understand! the
heavens

Heereto doe tye thee, that haue promised
So many favours at thy nuptiall feast.

Sil. I'm sure the Gods haue other things to doe,
Than trouble and molest them with these toyes.

Linco. nor this, nor that loue pleaseth me,
I was a huntsman, not a lover borne:

Thou that dost follow loue, thy pleasure take.

Exit Silvio.

Lin. Thou cruell boy descended of the Gods,
I scarce beleene thou wert begot by man,
VVhich if thou wert, thou sooner wert begot
VVith venome of *Meger* and *Prisifo*,
Than *Venus* pleasure which men so commend.

Exit Linco.

ACT. I. SCEN. 2.

Mirtillo. Ergasto.

CRuell *Amarillis*, that with thy bitter name
Most bitterly dost teach mee to complaine.
VVhiter than whitest Lillies, and more faire,
But deafer and more fierce than th'adder is.
Since with my words I doe so much offend,
In silence will I die: but yet these plaines,
These mountaines and these woods shall cry for me,
VVhom I so oft haue learned to resound
That loved name. For me my plaints shall tell

The faithfull Shepheard.

The plaining fountaines, and the murm'ring winds:
Pitie and grieve shall speake out of my face,
And in the end though all things else proue dumbe,
My very death shall tell my martyrdom.

Erg. Loue (deare *Martillo*)'s like a fire inclos'd,
Which straitly kept, more fiercely flames at last,
Thou shouldst not haue so long conceal'd from me
The fire, since it thou couldst not hide.
How often haue I said *Mirtillo* burnes,
But in a silent flame, and so consumes.

Mir. My selfe I harmed her not to offend,
(Courteous *Ergasto*) and should yet be dumbe,
But strict necessitie hath made me bold.
I heare a voyce, which through my scared eares
Woundeth alas my wretched heart with noyse
Of *Amarillis* nighing nuptiall Feast,
Who speakes ought else to me, he holds his peace.
Nor dare I further search, as well for feare
To giue suspicion of my loue, as for to finde
That which I would not. Well, I know (*Ergasto*)
It fits not with my poore and base estate
To hope at all a Nymph so rarely qualifide,
Of bloud and spright truely celestially,
Should proue my wife. O no, I know too well,
The lowlinesse of my poore humble starre;
My destinie's to burne! not to delight
Vvas I brought forth, but since my cruell fates
Haue made me loue my death more than my life,
I am content to die, so that my death
Might please her that's the cause thereof;
And that shee would but grace my latest gaspe
With her faire eyes, and once before she made
Another by her marriage fortunate,

Shee

The faithfull Shepheard.

Shee would but heare me speake. Courteous *Ergasto*,
If thou lou'st me, helpe me with this favour,
Ayd mee herein, if thou tak'st pitie of my case.

Erg. A poore desire of loue, and light reward
Of him that dies : but dang'rous enterprife.
Wretched were shee, should but her father know
Shee had bow'd downe her eares t'her lovers words,
Or should shee be accused to the Priest
Her father in law, for this perhaps shee shunnes
To speake with you, that else doth loue you well,
Although she it conceales : for women though
They be more fraile in their desires,
Yet are they craftier in hiding them.
If this be true, how can she shew more loue
Than thus in shunning you ? shee heares in vaine,
And shunnes with pitie that can giue no helpe.
*It is sound counsell, soone to cease desiring,
When wee cannot attaine to our aspiring.*

Mir. Oh were this true, could I but this beleue,
Thrice happie paine. Thrice fortunate distresse.
But tell me sweet *Ergasto*, tell me true,
Which is the Shepheard whom the starres so friend ?

Ergast. Know'st thou not *Silvio*, *Montane's* onely sonne ?

Dianaes Priest : that rich and famous Shepheard,
That gallant youth ? He is the very same.

Mir. Most happy youth, that hast in tender yeares
Found Fate so ripe. I doe not envie thee,
But plaine my selfe.

Erg. Nor need you envie him,
That pitie more than envy doth deserve.

Mir. Pitie ! and why ?

Erg. Because he loues her not.

The faithfull Shepherd.

Mir. And liues hee ? hath a heart ? and is not blinde ?

Or hath thee on my wretched heart spent all her flames ?

And her faire eyes blowne all their loues on me ?

Why should they giue a Iemme so precious

To one that neither knowes it, nor regards it ?

Erg. For that the heavens the health of *Arcadie*

Doe promise at these Nuptialls. Know you not

How wee doe still appease our Goddesse wrath,

Each yeare with guiltlesse blood of some poore

A mortall and a miserable tribute. (Nymph?)

Mir. 'Tis newes to me, that am a new inhabitant,

As't pleaseth loue and my poore destinie,

That did before inhabite savage woods :

But what I pray you, was that grievous fault,

That kindled rage in a celestiaall brest ?

Erg. I will report the dolefull Tragedie

From the beginning of our misery,

That able are pitie and plaints to draw

From these hard rockes, much more from humane
breasts.

In that same golden age, when holy Priesthood, and

The Temples charge was not prohibited

To youth, a noble swaine *Amintas* call'd,

Priest at that time, loved *Lucrina* bright :

A beauteous Nymph, exceeding faire, but therewithall

Exceeding false, and light. Long time she loved him,

Or at the least she seemed so, with fained face

Nursing his pure affections with false hopes,

Whilst shee no other sutors had. But see

Th'unconstant wretch ! no sooner was she wooed

By a rude shepherd, but at first assaule,

At

The faithfull Shepheard.

At his first sigh, shee yeelded up her loue,
Before *Amintas* dream't of jealousie.
At last *Amintas* was forlorne, despis'd,
So that the wicked woman would not see, nor heare
Him speake: now if the wretch did sigh,
Be thou the judge that knowst his paine by prooffe.

Mir. Aye me, this grieve all other grieve exceeds.

Erg. After hee had his heart recovered
From his complaints, hee to his Goddesse turnes,
And praying sayes: Great *Cynthia*, if I haue
At any time kindled with guiltlesse hands
Thy holy flames, revenge thou then for me
This broken faith of my unconstant Nymph.
Diana heares the prayers of her Priest,
And straight out-breathing rage, she takes her bow,
And shootes shafts of inevitable death
Into the bowels of *Arcadia*.

People of every sexe, of every age
Soone perished, no succour could be found,
'Twas bootlesse Art to search for remedies,
For often on the patient the Physician dyed.
One onely remedie did rest, which was
Strait to the neereſt Oracle they went,
From whom they had an answer very cleare,
But aboue measure deadly horrible,
Which was, our *Cynthia* was displeas'd, and to
Appease her ire, either *Lucrina*, or some else for her
Must by *Amintas* hands bee sacrific'd.
Who when she had long time in vaine complain'd,
And lookt for helpe from her new friend in vaine,
Was to the sacred Altars led with solemne pompe,
A wofull sacrifice. Where at those feet
Which had pursued her long time in vaine,

At

The faithfull Shepheard.

At her betrayed Lovers feet shee bends
Her trembling knees, attending cruell death.
Aminas stretcheth out the holy sword,
Seeming to breath from his inflamed lippes,
Rage and revenge; turning to her his face,
Speakes with a sigh, the messenger of death:
Lucrina, for thy further paines, behold
What Lover thou hast left, and what pursude
Iudge by this blow. And with that very word
Striketh the blade into his wofull brest,
Falling a sacrifice upon the sacrifice.
At such a strange and cruell spectacle,
The Nymph amazed stands twixt life and death,
Scarce yet assur'd whether shee wounded were
With griefe, or with the sword. At last, alsoone
As she recovered had her spright, and speech,
Shee plaining sayes, O faithfull valiant loue!
O too late knowne! that by thy death hast given
Me life and death at once. If 'twere a fault
To leaue thee so, behold, Ile mend it now,
Eternally uniting both our soules.
And therewithall she takes the sword, all warme
With the blood of her too late loved friend,
And strikes it through her heart, falling upon
Aminas, that was scarcely dead as yet,
And felt perchance that fall. Such was their end,
To such a wretched end did too much loue,
And too much trechery conduct them both.

Mir. O wretched Shepheard, and yet fortunate,
That hadst so large and famous scope to shew
Thy troth, and waken lively pittie of thy death
Within anothers brest. But what did follow?
Was *Cinthis* pleas'd? found they a remedy?

The faithfull Shepheard.

Erg. Somewhat it slack't, but yet not quite put out :
For after that a yeare was finished,
Her rage began afresh, so that of force
They driven were unto the Oracle,
To aske new counsell : but brought backe againe
An answer much more wofull than the first.
Which was, to sacrifice them : and each after yeare,
A maid, or woman, to our angry power,
Ev'n till the third, and past the fourth degree :
So should ones blood for many satisfie.
Besides, shee did upon th'unhappie sexe
Impose a wretched and a cruell law.
And (if you marke their nature) inobservable.
A law recorded with vermillian blood :
What ever mayd or woman broken had
Their faith in loue, and were contaminate,
If they should find none that would die for them,
They were condemn'd without remission.
To these our grievous great calamities,
The fathers hop'd to finde a happie end
By this desired marriage day. For afterward
Having demaunded of the Oracle,
What end the heav'ns prescribed had our ill,
Answer was giv'n in such like words as these :
*No end there is to that which you offends,
Till two of heavens issue loue unite,
And for the ancient fault of that false wight,
A faithfull Shepheards pitie make amends.*
Now is there not in all *Arcadia*
Other boughes left of that celestially root :
Saue *Amarillis*, and this *Silvis*,
Th'one of *Pans* seed, th'other of *Hercules*.
Nor to our mischiefe yet hath never hapt,

That

The faithfull Shepheard.

That male and female met at any time
Till now. Therefore good reason *Montane* hath
To hope, though all things sort not to the Oracle,
Yet here's a good foundation laid: the rest
High Fates haue in their bosomes bred,
And will bring forth at this great marriage day.

Mir. O poore *Mirtillo*! wretched man!
So many cruell enemies? such warres?
To worke my death cannot great Loue suffice?
But that the Fates their armes will exercise.

Erg. This cruell loue *Mirtillo*, feeds himselfe
VVith teares, and griefe, but's never satisfide.
I promise thee to set my wits a worke,
That the fayre Nymph shall heare thee speake.

Let's goe.

These burning sighes doe not as they doe seeme,
Bring any cooling to th'inflamed heart:
But rather are huge and impetuous winds,
That blow the fire, and make it greater proue,
With swelling whirlwinds of tempestuous loue,
Which unto wretched lovers alwayes beares
Thick clouds of griefe, and showres of dreary teares.

Exeunt.

ACT. I. SCEN. 3:

Corisca.

VVHo ever saw or heard a stranger, and
A snder passion of this foolish loue?
Both loue, and hate, in one selfe heart combin'd,
With such a wondrous mixture, as I know not how,
Or which of them hath got the deeper root.

If.

The faithfull Shepheard.

If I *Mirtilloes* beautie doe behold,
His gracious count'nance, good behaviour,
Actions, customes, words, and manly looks,
Loue me assailes with such a puissant fire,
That I burne altogether. And it seemes
Other affections are quite vanquished with this.
But when I thinke upon th'obstinate loue
Hee to another beares; and that for her
Hee doth despise (I will be bold to say)
My famous beautie of a thousand sought,
I hate him so, I so abhorre the man,
That 'tis impossible (me thinkes) at all,
One sparke of loue for him should touch my heart.
Thus with my selfe sometime I say: Oh if I could
Enjoy my sweet *Mirtillo*! were hee mine,
And had not others interest in him,
Oh more than any other happie *Corisca*.
And then in me up-flames such great good will,
And such a gentle loue to him, that I resolute
Straight to discover all my heart to him,
To follow him, and humbly sue to him:
Nay more, even to fall downe and worship him.
On th'other side, I all reclaýmed say,
A nice proud foole? one that disdaineth me?
One that can loue another, and despise my selfe?
One that can looke on me, and not adore me?
One that can so defend him from my looke,
That he dies not for loue. And I that should
See him (as I haue many more ere this)
An humble suppliant before my feet,
Am humble suppliant at his feet my selfe.
Then such a rage at him possesseth mee,
That I disdaine my thoughts should thinke on him,
Mine

The faithfull Shepherd.

Mine eyes should looke on him. His very name,
And all my loue, I worse than death doe hate.
Then would I haue him the wofullst wight aliue :
And with these hands then could I kill the wretch.
Thus hate, and loue, spight, and desire make warre.
I that haue been till now tormenting flame
To thousand hearts, must languish now my selfe,
And in my ill know others wretchednesse.
I that so many yeares in cities, streets, courts,
Haue been invincible to worthy friends,
Mocking their many hopes, their great desires :
Now conquered am with silly rusticke loue
Of a base shepheards brat. Oh aboue all
Wretched *Corisca* now. What shall I doe
To mitigate this amorous furious rage ?
Whilst other women haue a heape of Loues,
I haue no other but *Mirrillo* onely.
Am I not stoutly furnished ? Oh thousand times
Ill-counsell'd foole ! that now reduced art
Into the povertie of one sole Loue.
Corisca was ne're such a foole before.
What's faith ? what's constancie ? but fables fain'd
By jealous men ; and names of vanitie,
Simple women to decciue. Faith in a womans heart,
(If faith in any womans heart there be,)
Can neither vertue nor yet goodnesse be.
But hard necessitie of loue, a wretched law
Of beautie weake that pleaseth onely one.
Because she is not gracious in the eyes of more.
A beaution Nymph, sought to by multitudes
Of worthy Lovers, if shee be content
With onely one, and all the rest despise,
Either shee is no woman, or if so shee be,

The faithfull Shepheard.

Shee is a foole. What's beautie worth unseene?
Or scene, unsought? or sought to but of one?
The more our Lovers be, the greater men,
The surer pledge haue we in this vild world.
That we are creatures glorious and rare,
The goodly splendor of a beautilous Nymph,
Is to haue many friends. So in good Townes
Wise men ever doe. It is a fault,
A foolish trick, all to refuse for one.
What one cannot, many can well performe:
Some serue, some giue, some fit for other use.
So in the Citie louely Ladies doe,
Where I by wit, and by example too,
Of a great Lady learn'd the Art of loue.
Corisca, would shee say, Let thy
Lovers, and thy garments be alike,
Haue many, use, weare but one, and change often.
Too much conversing breedeth noysomnesse,
And noysomnesse despight, which turnes to hate:
We cannot worser doe, than fill our friends,
Let them goe hungry rather from thee still.
So did I alwayes, alwayes loving store,
One for my hand; an other for mine eye:
The best I ever for my bosome kept;
None for my heart, as neere as ere I could.
And now I know not how *Mirtillo* comes
Me to torment; now must I sigh, and worse,
Sigh for my selfe, deceiving no man else.
Now must I rob my limmes of their repose,
Mine eyes of sleepe, and watch the breake of day:
Now doe I wander thorow these shadow'd woods,
Seeking the footsteps of my hated loue.
What must *Corisca* doe? shall I entreat him?

No:

The faithfull Shepheard.

No: my hate not giues me leaue. Ile giue him o're,
Nor will my loue consent. What shall I doe?
Prayers and subtilties I will attempt:
I will bewray my loue, but not as mine:
If this prevaile not, then Ile make disdain
Finde out a memorable huge revenge.
Mirtillo, if thou canst not like my loue,
Then shalt thou trie my hate. And *Amarillis*,
Thou shalt repent thou e're my rivall wert.
Well, to your costs you both shall quickly proue,
VVhat rage in her can doe that thus doth loue.
Exit.

ACT. I. SCEN. 4.

Titirus. Montanus. Dametas.

SO helpe me Gods, I know I now doe speake
To one that understands more than I doe.
These Oracles are still more doubtfull than
VVe take them; for their words are like to kniues,
Which taken by the hafts, are fit for use,
But by the edges held, they may doe harnie.
That *Amarillis* as you argue, is
By the high heavenly Destinies elected for
Arcadiaes universall health: who ought
More to desire, or to esteeme the same,
Than I that am her father? But when I regard
That which the Oracle fore-told, ill doe the signes
Agree with our great hopes: since loue should then
Vnite, how falls it out hee flies from her?
How can hate and despiht bring forth lous fruit?
Ill could he contradict had heav'ns ordain'd it.

But

The faithfull Shepheard.

But since hee doth contrary it, 'tis cleare,
Heavens doe not will : for if so they would,
That *Amarillis* should be *Silvies* wife,
A Lover, not a Huntsman, him they would haue
made.

Mon. Doe you not see hee is a child as yet?
Hee hath attain'd scarcely to eightene yeares,
All in good time he may yet taste of loue.

Tit. Taste of a beast, heele never woman loue.

Mon. Many things alter in a young mans heart.

Tit. But alwayes loue is naturall to youth.

Mont. It is unnaturall where yeares doe want.

Tit. Loue alwayes flowres in our greene time
of age.

Mont. It doth but flowre, 'tis quite without all
fruit.

Titir. VVith timely flowers Loue ever brings
foorth fruit.

Hither I came not for to jest (*Montane*)
Nor to contend with you. But I the father am
Of a deare onely child, and (if't be lawfull so to say)
A worthy child, and by your leaue, of many sought.

Mon. Titirus, if the Destinies haue not ordain'd
This marriage, yet the faith they gaue on earth
Binds them unto't, which if they violate,
They violate their vow to *Cynthia*,
Who is enrag'd gainst us, how much thou know'st.
But for as much as I discover can,
The secret counsells of th'eternall Powers,
This knot was knit by th'and of Destinie.
All to good end will sort, be of good cheere.
He tell you now a dreame I had last night.
I saw a thing which makes my ancient hope

Reviue

The faithfull Shepheard.

Reviue within my heart , more than before.

Tit. Dreames in the end prooue dreames, but what saw you ?

Mon. Doe you remember that same wofull night,
When swelling *Ladon* over-flow'd his bankes,
So that the fishes swam where birds did breed,
And in a moment did the ravenous flood,
Take men and beasts by heapes, and herds away.
(Oh sad remembrance) in that very night
I lost my child, more deare than was my heart :
Mine onely child, in cradle warmly layd;
Living and dead, dearly belou'd of me.
The Torrent tooke him hence ere we could proue
To giue him succour, being buried quite,
In terrour, sleepe, and darknesse of the night:
Nor could we ever find the cradle where he lay,
By which I guesse some whirle-pit swallowd both.

Titer. VVho can guesse otherwise ? and I remember now,

You told mee of this your mishap before :
A memorable misadventure sure,
And you may say, you haue two sonnes begot,
One to the woods, the other to the waues.

Mont. Perhaps the pitious heavens will restore
My first sonnes losse, in him that liveth yet;
Still must we hope. Now listen to my tale.
The time when light and darknesse stroue together,
This one for night, that other for the day,
Having watcht all the night before, with thought
To bring this marriage to an happy end,
At last, with length of wearinesse, mine eyes
A pleasing slumber clos'd, when I this vision saw :
Me thought I sate on famous *Alfeus* banke,

Vnder

The faithfull Shepheard.

Vnder a leaue Plane tree with a bayted hooke,
Tempting the fishes in the streame, in midst
Whereof, there rose, me thought, an aged man,
His head and beard dropping downe silver teares,
Who gently raught to me with both his hands
A naked child, saying, Behold thy sonne,
Take heed thou killst him not. And with that word
He dived downe againe. When straight the skies
Waxt black with clouds, threatening a dismall showre,
And I afayd, the child tooke in mine armes,
Crying, ah heavens, and will you in an instant then,
Both giue and take away my child againe?
When on the sudden all the skie waxt cleare,
And in the River fell a thousand bowes,
And thousand arrowes, broken all to shivers.
The body of the Plane tree trembled there,
And out of it there came a subtile voyce,
Which said, *Arcadia* shall bee faire againe.
So is the Image of this gentle Dreame
Fixt in my heart, that still me thinks I see't:
But aboue all, the courteous aged man.
For this when you me met, I comming was
Vnto the Temple for to sacrifice,
To giue my dreames presage prosperous successe.

Tit. Our dreames are rather representments vaine
Of idle hopes, then any thing to come:
Only dayes thoughts made fables for the night.

M. n. The mind doth not sleep ever with the flesh,
But is more watchfull then, because the eyes
Doe not lead it a wandering where they goe.

Tit. Well, of our children what the heavens dis-
posed haue,
Is quite unknowne to us, but sure it is,

Yours

The faithfull Shepheard.

Yours gainst the law of Nature fees not loue.
And mine hath but the bond of his faith given
For her reward. I cannot say shee loves,
But well I wot shee hath made many loue:
And 'tis unlike, shee tastes not that she makes
So many taste. Mee thinks shee's alterd much
From that shee was: for full of sport and mirth
Shee's wont to be. But 'tis a grievous thing,
To keepe a woman married and unmarried thus.
For like a Rose that in some garden growes,
How daintie 'tis against the Sunne doth rise,
Perfuming with sweet odours round about,
Bidding the humming Bees to honey feast:
But if you then neglect to gather it,
And suffer *Titan* in his mid-dayes course
To scorch her sides, and burne her daintie seat,
Then ere Sun-set, discoloured shee falls,
And nothing worth upon the shadow'd hedge:
Even so a mayd whom mothers care doth keepe,
Shutting her heart from amorous desires.
But if the piercing looks of hungry lovers eyes
Come but to view her, if shee heare him sigh,
Her heart soone ope's, her breast soone takes in loue:
Which if for shame shee hide, or feare containe,
The silent wretch in deepe desire consumes.
So fadeth beautie if that fire endure,
And loosing time, good fortune's lost be sure.
Mont. Bee of good cheare, let not these humane
feares,
Confound thy spright, let's put our trust i'th Gods,
And pray to them (tis meet) for good successe.
Our children are their off-spring, and be sure
They will not see them lost that others keepe.

Go'w,

The faithfull Shepheard.

Go'w, let us to the Temple joyntly goe,
And sacrifice, you a hee Goat to *Pan*,
I a young Bull to mightie *Hercules*.
Hee that the herd makes thrue, can therewithall
Make him thrue, that with the profits of his herd
Hallowes the Altars. Faithfull *Dametas*,
Goe thou and fetch a young and louely Bull,
As anie's in the Herd, and bring it by the moun-
taines way,
I at the Temple will attend for thee.

Tit. A hee Goat bring, *Dametas*, from my herd.
Exeunt Mont. & Tit.

Dam. Both one and other I will well performe.
I pray the Gods (*Montane*) thy dreame doe sort
Vnto as good an end as thou dost hope.
I know remembrance of thy sonne thou lost,
Inspires thee with a happie prophecie.

ACT. I. SCEN. 5.

Satyr alone.

Like frost to grasse, like drought to gentle flowres,
Like lightning unto corne, like wormes to seeds,
Like netts to deere, like lyme to silly birds,
So to mankind is Loue a cruell foe.
Hee that Love likened unto fire, knew well
His perfidious and wicked kind. For looke
But on this fire, how fine a thing it is,
But touch it, and 'tis then a cruell thing.
The world hath not a monster more to dread.
It ravens worse than beasts, and strikes more deepe
Than edged steek, and like the winde it flies:

And

The faithfull Shepheard.

And where it planteth his imperious feet,
Each force doth yeeld, all power giveth place.
Ev'n so this loue, if we it but behold,
In two faire eyes, and in a golden Tresse,
Oh how it pleaseth ! oh how then it seemes
To breath our joy, and promise largely peace !
But if you it approach, and tempt it once,
So that it creepe, and gather force in you,
Hircane no Tigris, *Liby* no Lyons hath,
Nor poisonous wormes, with teeth or stings so fierce,
That can surpasse, or equall loues disease,
More dreadfull then is hell, then death it selfe,
Sweet pities foe, the minister of rage :
And to conclude, loue voyd of any loue.
Why speake I thus of Loue ? why blame him thus ?
Is hee the cause that the whole world in loue,
Or rather loue-dissembling, sinneth so ?
Oh womans treachery ! that is the cause
That hath begotten Loue this infamy.
How ever Loue be in his nature good,
With them his goodnesse suddenly he leeseeth.
They never suffer him to touch their hearts,
But in their faces only build his bowre.
Their care, their pompe, and all their whole delight
Is in the barke of a bepainted face.
'Tis not in them now faith with faith to grace,
And to contend in loue with him that loues,
Into two breasts dividing but one will :
Now all their labour is, with burnisht gold
To dye their hayre, and tye it up in curles,
Therein to snare unwary Lovers in.
O what a stinking thing it is, to see them take
A pencill up, and paint their bloudlesse checks,

Hiding

The faithfull Shepheard.

Hiding the faults of nature and of time,
Making the pale to blush, the wrinckled plaine,
The blacke seeme white, faults mending with farre
worse.

Then with a paire of pincers doe they pull
Their eye browes till they smart againe.
But this is nothing, though it bee too much,
For all their customes are alike to these.
What is it that they use, which is not counterfeit?
Ope they their mouthes? they lie: mooue they their
eyes?

They counterfeit their lookes: If so they sigh,
Their sighs dissembled are. In summe, each act,
Each looke, each gesture is a very lye.
Nor is this yet the worst: 'tis their delight,
Them to deceiue ev'n most, that trust them most;
And loue them least, that are most worthy loue.
True faith to hate, worser than death it selfe.
These be the trickes that make loue so perverse.
Then is the fault, faithlesse *Corisca*, thine?
Or rather mine, that haue beleev'd thee so?
How many troubles haue I for thy sake sustaind?
I now repent, nay more, I am asham'd.
Lovers belecue me, women once ador'd,
Are worser than the grisly powers of hell.
Strait by their valure vaunt they that they are
The same you by your folly fashion them.
Let goe these baser sighes, prayers and plaints,
Fit weapons for women and children only.
Once did I thinke that prayers, plaints, and sighes,
Might in a womans heart haue stirred up
The flames of loue: but tush I was decciv'd.
Then if thou wouldst thy mistresse conquer, leaue

C

These

The faithfull Shepheard.

These silly toyes, and close thou up all loue.
Doe that which Loue and Nature teacheth thee:
For modestie is but the outward vertue of
A womans face. Wherefore to handle her with
modestie,
Is a meere fault, she though she use it, loues it not.
A tender-hearted Lover shalt thou not,
Corisca, ever find me more, but like a man
I will assaile and pierce thee through and through.
Twise haue I taken thee, and twise againe
Thou hast escap'd (I know not how) my hands:
But if thou com'st the third time in my reach,
Ile fetter thee for running then away.
Th'art wont to passe these woods, I like a hound
Will hunt thee out. Oh what a sweet revenge
I meane to take: I meane to make thee proue
What 'tis unjustly to betray thy Loue.

Exit.

CHORVS.

Oh high and puissant Law writ, rather borne
Within Ioues mightie brest,
Whose ever sweet and louely loving force,
Towards that good which we unseene suborne,
Our hearts doth pull, and wills doth wrest,
And ev'n natures selfe to it doth force;
Not onely our fraile corpe,
Whose sense scarce sees is borne & dies againe,
As daily houres waxe and waine.

But

The faithfull Shepheard.

But ev'n inward causes, hidden seeds,
That moves and governes our eternall deeds.

If great with child the world doe wondrous
So many beauties still : (frame
And if within as far as sunne doth see
To'th mighty moone & starres Titanian fame
A living spright doth fill,
With his male valew this same vast degree,
If thence mans off-spring be.
The plants haue life, and beasts both good and
Whether the earth be clad (bad,
With flowres, or nipt haue her ill-fethered wing,
It still comes from thine everlasting spring.

Nor this alone but that which hopes of fire,
Sheds into mortall wights :
From whence stars gentle now, strait fierce are
found
Clad in good fortunes, or mishaps attire,
From whence lifes frailest lights
The houre of birth haue, or of death the bound.
That which makes rise, or else pulls downe
In their disturbd affects all humane will,
And giving seemes, or taking still. (ven,
Fortune, to who the world would this were gi-
All from thy soveraigne bountie is deriven.

The faithfull Shepheard.

*Oh word inevitably true and sure
If it thy meaning is
Arcadia shall after so many woes,
Find out new rest and peace, new life procure,
If the fore-told-on blisse
Which the great Oracle did earst expose,
Of the faire fatall marriage rose
Proceed from thee, and in thy heav'nly mind
Her fixed place doth find.
If that same voice doe not dissemble still,
Who hinders then the working of thy will?*

*See loves and pitties foe, a wayward swaine,
A proud and cruell yonth, (contends.
That comes from heaven, and yet with heav'n
See then another Lover, (faithfull in vaine)
Battring a hearts chaste truth,
Who with his flames perhaps thy will offends,
The lesse that he attends,
Pitie to's plaints : reward to his desert
More strongely flames in faith his heart.
Fatal this beauty is to him that it high-priseth,
Being destinied to him that it despiseth.*

*Thus in it selfe alas divided stands
This heavenly power,
And thus one fate another justles still,*

The faithfull Shepheard.

*Yet neither conquered is, neither commands.
False humane hopes that towre
And plant a siege to th' Elementall hill,
Rebellious unto heavens will:
Arming poore thoughts like giant fooles againe,
Lovers and no Lovers vaine. (things,
Who would haue thought lone & disdain blind
Should moue about the soueraign starry wings.*

*But thou that standst aboue both stars & fate
And with thy wit diuine
Great mouer of the skies dost them restraine,
Behold, wee thee beseech our doubtfull state
With Destinie combine.*

*And fathers loving zeale, lone and disdaine,
Mixe flame and frozen vaine.
Let thē that shunnd to loue, now learne to loue,
Let not that other moane.*

*Ab let not others blindest folly thus
Thy gently-promis'd pitie take from us.
But who doth know? perhaps this same that
An unavoidable mischievous estate, (seemes
May proue right fortunate.*

*How fond a thing it is for mortall sight
To search into th' Eternall Suns high light?*

An end of the first Act.

The faithfull Shepheard.

ACT. 2. SCEN. 1.

Ergasto. Mirtillo.

HOW I haue searcht alongst the Rivers side,
About the meadows, fountains, and the hills,
To finde thee out : which now I haue , the
Gods be prays'd.

Mir. Ah that thy newes *Ergasto*, may deserue
This haste. But bringst thou life or death ?

Erg. This though I had, I would not giue it thee.
That doe I hope to giue thee, though I haue it not
As yet. But fie, thou must not suffer grieve
To overthrow thy senses thus. Liue man and hope.
But to the purpose of my coming now,
Omino hath a sister, knowst thou her not ?

A tall big wench, a merry countenanc'd Nymph
With yealow hayre, somewhat high-coloured.

Mir. What is her name ?

Erg. *Corisca*,

Mir. I know her well,
And heretofore haue spoke with her.

Erg. Then know that thee (and see withall your
lucke)

Is now become (I know not by what priuledge)
Companion to your beautilous *Amarillis*.

I haue discovered all your loue to her,
And this which you desire , and readily
Shee me hath given her faith to bring't about.

Mir. O happy *Mirtillo*, if this same proue true :
But said she nothing of the meanes whereby ?

Erg. No-

The faithfull Shepheard.

Erg. Nothing as yet, nor would shee that conclude
Vntill shee knew the manner of your loue,
How it began, and what hath hapt therein,
That shee might easilier spie into the heart
Of your beloved Nymph, and better know
How to dispose by prayers or by fraud
Of her request. For this I came to you,
And make me now acquainted from the head,
With all the historie of your deare loue.

Mir. So will I doe, but yet *Ergasto* know,
This memory (a bitter hopelesse thing)
Is like a fire-brand tossed in the winde,
By which how much the fire increaseth still,
So much the brand with blazing flame consumes.
O piercing shaft made by some power divine!
The which the more we seeke to draw it our,
The faster hold it takes, the deeper root.
Well can I tell you, that these Lovers hopes
Are full of vanities and falshoods still,
Loues fruit is bitter, though the root be sweet.
In that sweet time when dayes advantage get
Aboue the nights, then when the yeare begins,
This daintie Pilgrim, beauties bright new Sunne,
Came with her count'nance like another Spring,
T'illuminate my then thrise happy soyle
Of *pisa* and *Eglidis* faire. Brought by her mother,
To see the sacrifices and the sports
That celebrated in those solemne dayes
Were unto *loue*. Where while she meant to make
Her eye-sight blest with that same spectacle,
Shee blest the spectacle with her faire eyes,
Being Loues great'st miracle beneath the skies.
No sooner had I seene that face, but straight

The faithfull Shepheard.

I burnt, defending not the formost looke,
Which though mine eyes into my brest directed
Such an imperious beautie, as me thought did say,
Mirtillo, yeeld thy heart for it is mine.

Er. Oh in our brests what mighty power hath loue?
Ther's none can tell, fane they the same which proue.

Mir. See how industrious loue can worke ev'n in
The simplest brests. A sister which I had
I made acquainted with my thoughts, who was
By chance companion to my cruell Nymph,
The time shee staid in *Pisa* and *Elide*.
Shee faithfull counsell, and good ayd me gaue,
Shee drest me finely in one of her gownes,
Circling my temples with a Periwig,
Which gracefully shee trimmed vp with flowres.
A quiver and a bowe hung at my side:
Shee taught me furthermore to faine my voice,
And looks; for in my face as thē there grew no haire.
This done, shee me conducted where the Nymph
Was wont to sport her selfe, and where we found
A noble troupe of Maydens of *Megara*,
By blood or loue allyed to my goddesse.
Mongst them shee stood like to a princely Rose
Among a heape of humble violets.
Wee had not long been there before uprose
One of the maydens of *Megara*, and thus bespake:
Why stand we idly still in such a time,
When palmes and famous trophees are so rise?
Haue not we armes counterfeit fights to make
As well as men? Sisters, be rulde by me:
Let's prooue among our selues our armes in jest,
That when we come to earnest them with men,
We may them better use. Let's kisse, and strue

Who

The faithfull Shepheard.

VWho can kisse sweetliest among our selues,
And let this garland be the victors gaine.
All at the proposition laught: and all
Vato it strait agreed. Straightway began
A fight confused: no signall we attended,
Which by her scene that first ordaind the sport,
Shee sayes againe: Let's make her worthy Iudge
That hath the fairest mouth. All soone agreed,
And *Amarillis* chose. Who sweetly bowing downe,
Her beautious eyes in modest blushing staine,
Did show they were as faire within as th'were with-
out.

Or that her face her rich-clad mouth envyed,
And would be cloath'd in pompous purple too,
As who should say, I am as faire as it.

Erg. In good time did you change into a Nymph,
A happy token of good lucke to come.

Mirt. Nowv did the beautious Iudge sitt in her
place,

According as the *Megarence* prescrib'd.
Each went by lot to make due prooffe of her
Rare mouth, that heavenly paragon of sweetnesse.
That blessed mouth that may be likened to
A perform'd Indian shell of orientall pearle,
Opning the daintie treasure, mixt with honey sweet,
And purple blush. I cannot (my *Ergasto*) tell
Th'inexplicable sweetnesse which I felt
Out of that kisse. But looke what *Cypres* caues,
Or hiues of *Hybla* haue, are nothing all
Compar'd with that which then I tasted there.

Erg. Oh happy theft, sweet kisse.

Mir. Yea sweet,

But yet not gracious, for it wanted still.

The faithfull Shepheard.

The better part : loue gaue it, but loue not
Return'd it backe.

Erg. But then how did you
When it was your lot to kisse ?

Mir. Vnto those lips.

My soule did wholly flie, and all my life
So shut therein, as in a little space
It waxed nothing but a kisse. And all
My other limbes stood strengthlesse trembling still,
When I approached to her lightning lookes,
Knowing my deed was theft and eake deceit,
I fear'd the majestie of her faire face:
But shee assures me with a pleasing smile,
And puts me forward more, loue sitting like
A Bee upon two fresh and daintie Roses close.
Kissing, I tasted there the honey sweet,
But having kist, I felt the louely Bee
Strike through my heart with his sharpe piercing
sting.

And being wounded thus, halfe desperate,
I thought t' haue bitten those man-slaughtering lips,
But that her odoriferous breath like ayre diuine,
Wak'ned my modestie, and still my rage.

Erg. This modestie molesteth Lovers still.

Mir. Now were the lots fulfill'd, and ev'ry one
With heedfull minds the sentence did attend :
When *Amarillu* judging mine the best,
With her owne hands shee crownes my tresses with
The gentle Garland kept for victorie.
But ne're was shadelesse meadow dryer parcht,
Vnder the balefull furie of the heavenly dog,
Than was my heart in sun-shine of that sweet,
Never so vanquisht as in victorie.

The faithfull Shepheard.

Yet had I power to take the garland off,
And reach it her, saying, to you belongs
Alone the same. 'Tis due to you, that made
Mine good by vertue of your mouth.
Shee gently took't, and crown'd her selfe there-
with,

And with another that shee ware, crown'd mine.
'Tis this I weare thus dryed as you see,
It will I carry to my graue with mee,
In deare remembrance of that happie day;
But more for signe of my dead hopes decay.

Erg. Thou pitie more than envie dost deserue,
That wert another *Tantalus* in lones delights,
That of a sport a torment true didst make.
Thou payst too deare for thy stolne delicates.
But did shee ere perceiue thy pollicies?

Mirt. That know I not (*Ergasto*) yet thus much
I know,

That in the time shee made *Elidis* blest
With her sweet count'nance, shee liberall was
Of pleasing lookes to mee. But thereof did
My cruell fates rob me so suddenly,
That I perceiv'd it not till they were gone.
When I drawne by the power of her beautilous
lookes,

Leaving my home, came hither, where thou knowst
My father had this poore habitacle.
But now the day that with so fayre a spring began,
Come to his Westernne bound, thunders and light-
nings out.

Ah then I saw these were true signes of death.
Now had (alas) my father felt,
My not foreseent departure, and orecome

With

The faithfull Shepheard.

With griefe, fell sicke nigh hand to death,
VWhereby I was constrained to returne.
Ah that returne proved the fathers health,,
But deadly sicknesse to the sonne: for in short time
I languished and pined quite away;
Which held me from the time the Sun had left
The Bull, untill his entry into *Capricorne*.
And so had still, had not my piteous father sought
For counsell to the Oracle, which said,
Onely *Arcadia* could restore my health.
So I return'd to see her that can heale
My bodies griefe (O Oracles false lye)
But makes my soule sicke everlastingly.

Erg. Strange tale thou tell'st (*Mirtillo*) though 't
be true.

The onely health to one that's desperate,
Is to despaire of health. And now 'tis time
I goe communicate with our *Corisca*.
Goe to the fountaine you, there stay for me.
Ile make what haste I can.

Mir. Goe happily.

The heavens (*Ergasto*) quit thy courtesie.

Exeunt.

ACT. 2. SCEN. 2.

Dorinda. Lupino. Silvio.

O Fortunate delight, and care of my
Faire sprightfull *Silvio*. Ah that I were
As deare unto thy cruell master as thou art.
(Happie *Melampo*) he with that white hand,
That nips my heart, thee softly stroking feeds

With

The faithfull Shepheard.

With thee all day, and all the night he is,
Whilst I that loue him so, sigh still in vaine.
And that which grieues me worst, he giues thee still
Kisses so sweet, that had I one of them,
I should goe blest away. I cannot choose
But kisse *Melampo*. Now if th'happy starres
Of loue, sent thee to me because thou shouldst
Find out his steps Go'w whither me great loue
Thee nature teacheth. But I heare a horne
Sound in these woods.

Sil. Vo ho ho, *Melampo* ho.

Dor. If my desire deceiue me not, that is the voice
Of my beloved *Silvio*, that calls his dogge,
He hath our labour sav'd.

Sil. Vo ho ho, *Melampo* ho.

Dor. Doubtlesse tis he : happy *Dorinda*, heavens
Haue sent him whom thou soughtst, tis best I put
The dog aside, so may I winne his loue.

Lupino.

Lup. What's your will ?

Dor. Goe hide thy selfe
In that same thicke, and take the dog with thee.

Lup. I goe.

Dor. And stirre not till I call.

Lup. No more I will.

Dor. Goe soone.

Lup. And call you soone, lest hunger make
The dog beleue I am a shoulder of mutton, and so
fall to.

Dor. Go get thee hence hen-hearted wretch.

Sil. O wretched me, whither shall I goe
To follow thee, my deare, my faithfull dog ?
The dales, the mountaines I haue sought with care,

All

The faithfull Shepheard.

All weary now I am. Curst be the beast
Thou didst pursue. But see a Nymph, perhaps
Shee can tell newes of him. Out upon her,
'Tis shee that's still so troublesome to me.
I must dissemble. Faire and gracious Nymph,
Did you my good *Melampo* see to day?

Dor. I faire, good *Silvio*? can you call me faire?
That am not faire a whit unto your eyes.

Sil. Or faire, or foule, did you not see my dog?
Answer to this, or I am quickly gone.

Dor. Still thou art froward unto her that thee a-
dores:
Who would belecue that in that smooth aspect
Vvere harboured such rugged thoughts. Thou
through

These savage woods, and rockie hills pursu'st
A beast that flies thee, and consum'st thy selfe
In tracing out thy greyhounds steps: and me
Thou shun'st, and dost disdaine that loues thee so.
Ah leaue these Does that runne so fast away,
Take hold of me thy preordained prey.

Sil. Nymph, I *Melampo* came to seeke, not to
loose time,
Farewell.

Dor. Doe not so shun me cruell *Silvio*,
He tell thee newes of thy *Melampo* man.

Sil. Thou jests *Dorindo*.

Dor. *Silvio*, I protest
By that deare loue that me thy handmaid makes,
I know where thy *Melampo* is that courtst the Doe.

Sil. How did he loose her?

Dor. Both Dog and Doe are in my power.

Sil. Both in your power?

Dor. Why

The faithfull Shepheard.

Dor. Why doth it grieve you then,
That I them hold that doe adore you so?

Sil. Deare *Dorinda*, quickly giue me him.

Dor. See wav'ring child, am I not fortunate?
When a beast and a dog can make me deare to thee,

Sil. Good reason too, but yet her Ile deuenue.

Dor. What will you giue me?

Sil. Two gilded apples
Which my mother gaue me yesterday.

Dor. I want no apples, and perhaps I could
Thee better tasted giue, didst thou not thus
Disdaine my gifts.

Sil. What wouldst thou haue? a kid?
A lambe? Ah but my father giues me no such leaue.

Do. Nor kids nor lambs do I desire, it is thy loue,
My *Silvio*, which I seeke.

Sil. Wilt thou nought but my loue?

Dor. Nought else.

Sil. I giue it thee. Now my deare Nymph,
Giue me my Dog and Doe.

Dor. Ah that thou knewst
That treasures worth wherof thou seemst so liberall,
Or that thy heart did answere to thy tongue.

Sil. Heare me, faire Nymph, thou ever tellst me of
A certaine loue, I know not what it is.
Thou dost desire I should thee loue, and so I doe,
As farre forth as I can, or understand.

Thou callst me cruell, and I know not crueltie.

Dor. VVretched *Dorinda*, how hast thou plac'd
thy hopes

In beautie, feeling ne're a sparke of loue?

Thou louely boy, art such a fire to me,

And yet burns not thy selfe. Thee under human shape
OF

The faithfull Shepheard.

Of daintie mother, did the *Cyprian* dame
Bring forth; thou hast his arrowes, and his fire.
Well knowes my brest both burnt and wounded too,
Get but his wings unto thy shoulders, and
New *Cupid* shalt thou be, wer't not thy heart
Is made of rockie frozen ycie shelfe.

Thou wantedst nought of loue, but loue it selfe.

Sil. Tell me, what kind of thing is this same loue?

Dor. If in thy face I looke (oh louely boy
Then is this loue a paradise of joy.

But if I turne and view my spirit well,

Then 'tis a flame of deepe infernall hell.

Sil. Nymph, no more words, giue mee my Dogge
and Doe.

Dor. Nay giue me first the loue you promised.

Sil. Haue I not giu'n it? what a stirre is here
Her to content: take it, doe what thou wilt,
Who doth forbid thee? what wouldst y^e haue more?

Do. Thou sow'st thy seed in sand, wretched *Dorinda*.

Sil. What would you haue? why do you linger thus?

Do. Assoone as you haue got what you desire,
(*Perfidious Silvio*), you are gone from me.

Sil. No trust me Nymph.

Dor. Giue mee a pledge.

Sil. VVhat pledge?

Dor. I dare not tell.

Sil. And why.

Dor. I am asham'd.

Sil. Are you asham'd to speake, and not asham'd
It to receiue? *Dor.* If you will promise me
To giue it, I will tell.

Sil. I promise you.

Dor.

The faithfull Shepheard.

Dor. (*Silvio* my deare) doe you not understand me yet?

I should haue understood you but with halfe of this.

Sil. Thou art more subtile much then I.

Dor. I am more earnest, and lesse cruell much then thou.

Sil. To say the troath, I am no Prophet, I, You must speake if you'l haue me understand.

Dor. O wretch, one of those which thy mother gaue to thee.

Sil. A blow on th'care.

Dor. A blow on th'care to one that loues thee?

Sil. Sometime shee maketh much of mee with one of them.

Dor. Doth shee not kisse you then?

Sil. Nor shee, nor any else

Doth kisse me. But perhaps you'l'd haue a kisse.

You answere not, your blushing you accuseth.

I am content, but giue mee first my dog.

Dor. Y'haue promist me?

Sil. 'Tis true, I haue promist thee.

Dor. And will you stay?

Sil. Tush, what a stirre is here? I will.

Dor. Come forth *Lupino*, *Lupino*, dost not heare?

Lup. Who calls? I come, I come, it was not I, It was the dog that slept.

Dor. Behold thy dog, More courtious than thy selfe.

Sil. O happie me.

Dor. He in these armes that thou despisest so, Did put himselfe.

Sil. O my most deare *Melampo*.

Dor. Esteeming deare my kisses, and my sighs.

Sil. He

The faithfull Shepheard.

Sil. Ile kisse thee thousand times poore curre.
Hast thou no harme in running, poore *Melampo*?

Dor. O happy dogge, might I change lots with
thee:

Am I not brought unto an excellent passe,
That of a dog I must be jealous thus?

Lupino, goe unto the hunting straight,
Ile follow thee.

Lup. Mistrresse, I goe.

Exit Lupino.

ACT. 2. SCEN. 3.

Silvio. Dorinda

IS ought behinde? Where is the Doe you promis'd
mee?

Dor. Will you her haue aliue or dead?

Sil. I understand you not.

How's shee aliue, hath not my dog her kild?

Dor. But say the dog hath not.

Sil. Is shee aliue?

Dor. Aliue.

Sil. So much more welcome she is.

Dor. Onely shee's wounded in the heart.

Sil. Thou mockst:

How can she liue and wounded in the heart?

Dor. My cruell *Silvio*, I am that same Doe,
Without pursuit or conquest taken so.

Quicke if thou pleasest to accept of me,

Dead if thou dost despise my company.

Sil. Is this the Doe, the game you told me of?

Do. This is the same. Ay me, why looke you so?

Hold

The faithfull Shepheard.

Hold you a Nymph no dearer than a Doe?

sil. I neither hold thee deare, nor like of thee,
But hate thee brute, vilde, lying filth.

Exit Silvio.

Dor. Is this my guerdon, cruell *Silvio*?

Vngratefull boy, is this all my reward?

I gaue *Melampo* and my selfe with him to thee,
Hoping that thus thou wouldst not haue denide
The sun-shine of thine eyes to me. I would
Haue kept thee and thy Dogge most faithfull com-
panie.

I would haue wip'd thy browes from toyle some
sweat:

Vpon this lap that never taketh rest,

Thou might'st haue ta'ne thy rest. I would

Haue carried all thy tew and prou'd thy prey,

When beasts had wanted in the woods thou
mightst

Haue shot at mee for one, and in this breast

Haue used still thy tough well-sinew'd bow,

So as thou wouldst, I like thy servant might

Thy weapons carried haue, or prov'd thy prey,

Making my breast both quiver and the marke

For those thy shafts. But unto whom speake I?

To him that heares me not, but's fled from me.

Flie where thou wilt, thee will I still pursue,

Ev'n into hell, if any hell can be

More painfull than my griefe, than thy great cruelty.

Exit.

ACT.

The faithfull Shepheard.

ACT. 2. SCEN. 4.

Corisca.

O How Fortune favours my diffignes
More than I lookt for. Shee good reason hath,
For I ne're askt her favour shamefastly.
Great power shee hath, and with good cause the
world

Calls her a puissant Goddesse: yet must wee not
fitt still,

For sildome idle folkes prooue fortunate.
Had not my industry made me companion unto her,
What would this fit occasion haue availed me,
To bring my purpose unto passe? Some foole
Would haue her rivall shunn'd, and shewd signes of
Her jealousie, bearing an evill eye

About, but that had been ill done: for easlier
May one keepe her from an open then a hidden foe.
The cover'd rocks are those which doe deceiue
The wisest Mariners. Who cannot friendship faine,
Cannot truly hate. Now see what I can doe,
I am not such an asse to thinke she doth not loue,
It might shee make some other foole beleue.
But tush, I am the mistresse of this Art. A tender
wench,

Scarce from the cradle crept, in whom loue hath
Still'd but the first drops of his sweet, so long
Pursude and wooed by a worthy friend,
And worse, kist, and rekist, and yet not loue.
Shee is an asse that it beleeueth. Ile not beleeu't.
But see how Fortune favours mee: Behold,

Where

The faithfull Shepheard.

VWhere *Amarillis* is her selfe. Ile make
As though I saw her not, and stand aside.

ACT. 2. SCEN. 5.

Amarillis. Corisca.

DEare blessed woods, and you the silent groues
Of rest and peace, the harbour-houses true,
How willingly I turne to visite you.
And if my starres had so been pleas'd t'haue let
Me liue unto my selfe, I with th'Elizian fields,
The happie gardens of the Demy gods,
VVould not haue chang'd your gentle shaddow
sports.

If I judge right, these worldly goods are nought
But mischiefs, still the richest haue least goods,
And he possesseth most that is most poore.

Riches are ever snares of libertie.

What's fame of beautie worth in tender yeares?

Or heavenly noblenesse in mortall blood?

So many favours both of heaven and earth,
Fields large and happie, goodly meadow plaines,
Fat pastures, that doe fatter flockes present,
If in the same the heart be not content.

Happy that shepheardesse, whose scarcely knees,
A poore, but yet a cleanly gowne doth reach:
Rich in her selfe, onely in natures gifts.

VWho in sweet povertie no poorenesse knowes:
Nor feeles no tortures which this riches brings.
Desire to haue much, nere doth her torment,
If shee be poore, yet is shee well content.

Shee natures gifts doth nurse with natures gifts,
Making

The faithfull Shepheard.

Making milke spring with milke, saucing her natiue
sweet

With honey of the Bee, one fountaine serveth her
To drinke, to wash, and for her looking glasse.
If shee be well, then all the world is well.
Let the clouds rise, and thunder threat amaine
Her povertie doth all the feare prevent,
If shee be poore, yet is she well content.
Finely the flocke committed to her charge
Feeds on the grasse, the whilst her shepheard friend
Feeds on her eyes, not whom the starres, or men,
Her Destinies, but whom affection chooseth.
Then in the shadow of a Mirtle tree,
Cherisht, shee cherisheth againe; nor doth
Shee feelee that heat which shee discovers not:
Nor ever heat discover which she doth nor feelee.
Alwayes declaring troth of her intent,
If shee be poore, yet is she well content.
True life that knowes not death before they die.
Ah that I might my fortune change with theirs.
But see *Corisca*, Gods saue you, good *Corisca*.

Cor. Who calleth me? Deare *Amarillis*, dearer than
Mine eyes, my life, whither goe you alone?

Ama. No further than you see, glad I haue found
you out.

Cor. You haue her found that will not part from
you:

And ev'n now, thus was I thinking with my selfe,
Were I her soule, how could she stay away so long?
And therewithall you came my deare, and yet
You doe not loue your poore *Corisca*.

Ama. VVhy so?

Cor. Aske you why so? and you a bride to day.

Ama A

The faithfull Shepheard.

Ama. A bride ?

Cor. A bride, and yet from me you keepe it.

Ama. How should I utter that I doe not know ?

Cor. Yet will you faine ?

Ama. You jest.

Cor. 'Tis you that jest.

Ama. And can it then be true ?

Cor. Most certaine true.

Do not you know thereof ?

Ama. I know I promis'd was,

But know not that the marriage is so neere.

Cor. I heard it of my brother *Ormin* : and to say
the troth,

There is no other talke. But you looke pale.

This newes perhaps doth trouble you.

Ama. It is

Long since the promise past, and still my mother said

This day it should revieue.

Cor. Vnto a better life

You shall revieue, for this you should be merry,

VVhy doe you sigh ? let that poore wretch goe sigh.

Ama. VVhat wreth ?

Cor. *Mirillo*, whom ev'n now I found

Ready to die : and surely hee had died

Had I not promist him this marriage to disturbe,

VVhich though I onely for his comfort said,

Yet were I fit to doe it.

Ama. And did he giue consent ?

Cor. I : and the meanes.

Ama. I pray you how ?

Cor. Easily,

So you thereto disposed bee to yeeld. (faith,

Ama. That could I hope, and would you giue your
Not

The faithfull Shepherd.

Not to disclose it, I discover would
A thought which in my heart I long haue hid.

Cor. I it disclose! Ground open first thy jawes
And swallow meup by a miracle.

Ama. Know then (*Corisca*) when I think I must
Be subject to a child, that hates, that flies from me,
And hath no other sport but woods and beasts,
And loues a dog better then thousand Nymphs,
I malecontented liue halfe desperate.
But dare not say so for respect I beare
Vnto mine honestie, unto my faith
Which to my father, and what worser is,
Which to our puissant Goddesse I haue giv'n:
If by thy helpe my faith my life both sav'd,
I might divide mee from this heauie knot,
Then shouldst thou be my health, my very life.

Cor. If so for this, thou sigh'st, good reason thou
Deare *Amarillis* hast. How oft he said?
A thing so faire to one that can despise it?
So rich a jemme to one that knowes it not?
But you too craftie are to tell the troth.
What let's you now to speake?

Ama. The shame I haue.

Cor. Sister, you haue a mischievous disease,
I had rather had the pox, the fever, or the fistula:
But trust to me, you'l quickly leaue the same,
Once doe but master it, and then 'tis gone.

Ama. This shamefastnesse that Nature stampes
in us
Cannot bee mastered, for if you seeke
To hunt it from your heart, it flies into your face.

Cor. O *Amarillis*, who (too wise) conceales
Her ill, at last great folly thee reueales.

Hadd

The faithfull Shepheard.

Hadst thou but at the first discovered
This thought to me, thou hadst been loose ere this.
Now trie *Coriscaes* art; you could not haue
Entrusted you into more subtile faithfull hands.
But when you shall be freed by my helpe,
From this same captiue husband, will you not
Provide you of another Lover then?

Ama. At better leasure we will thinke of that.

Cor. Trust me you cannot, faithfull *Mirtillo*,
You know there is not at this day a swaine,
For vallow, honest troth, and beaurie, worthier
Of your affection. And you will let him die,
Without so much as saying so. Yet heare him once.

Ama. How better 'twere to giue him peace, and
stabb

The root of such desire as hath no hope.

Cor. Giue him this comfort yet before he die.

Am. It rather double will his misery.

Cor. Leauē that to him.

Am. But what becomes of me,
If ever it bee knowne?

Cor. Small hurt thou hast.

Ama. And small 't shall be before my name it doe
endanger.

Cor. If you may faile in this, then in the rest,
I you may faile. Adiew.

Ama. Nay stay, *Corisca*,
Heare me but speake.

Cor. No not a word, unlesse
You promise me.

Am. I promise you, so you
Doe tie me to nought else.

Cor. To nothing else.

D

Ama.

The faithfull Shepheard.

Ama. And you shall make him thinke I knew not of it.

Cor. Ile make him thinke it was by chance.

Ama. And that I may
Depart as soone as I thinke good.

Cor. Assoone
As you haue heard him speake.

Ama. And that he shall
Quickly dispatch.

Cor. So shall hee doe.

Ama. And that
He come not neere me by my darts length never.

Co. O what a toyle tis to reforme your simpleness
All parts saving his tongue wee'le surely tie.
Will you ought else?

Ama. No nothing else.

Cor. When will you doo't?

Ama. VVhen you thinke good; giue mee but so
much time

I may goe home, and heare more of this marriage.

Cor. Goe. But take heed you doe it warily.
But heare what I am thinking on. To day
About noone time among these shadow trees
Come you without your Nymphs, here shall you find
Mee to that end: with me shall be *Nerine*,
Aglaure, *Elisa*, *Philis*, and *Licoris*, all mine owne.
As wise as faithfull, good companions.

Heere may you now, (as often you haue done)
Play at blind buffe. *Mirrill* will easily thinke,
That for your sport, and not for him you came.

Ama. This pleaseth me, but yet I would not haue
Your Nymphs to heare the words *Mirrill* speakes.

Cor. I vnderstand, and well advis'd, let me alone,

The faithfull Shepheard.

Ile make them vanish when I see my time :

Go, and forget not now to loue your poore *Corisca*.

Am. How can I chuse but loue her, in whose hands
I haue repos'd my life ?

Exit Amarillis.

Cor. So, shee is gone.

Small force will serue to batter downe this rocke,
Though shee haue made defence to my assault,
Yet will shee never his abide. I know too well
How heartie prayers of a gracious Loue
Can tempt a tender wench's heart. Yet with this
sport,

Ile tie her so, shee'l scarcely thinke it sport.

Ile by her words, will shee, or nill shee, spie

And pierce into the bowels of her heart,

Ile make me mistresse of her secrets all.

Then Ile conduct her so, that shee shall thinke

Her most unbridled loue, and not my art

Hath brought her in to play this wretched part.

ACT. 2. SCEN. 6.

Corisca. Satyr.

OH I am dead.

Sat. And I aliue.

Cor. Ah turne,

My *Amarillis*, turne againe, I taken am.

Sat. Tush, *Amarillis* heares thee not, be quiet now.

Cor. Oh mee, my haire.

Sat. I haue hunted thee so long,

That at the last th'art fallen into my snare.

This is the roabe sifter, this is the haire.

D 2

Cor. Speak

The faithfull Shepheard.

Cor. Speake you to me, *Satyr* ?

Sat. I, ev'n to thee.

Are you not that same famous *Corisca*? that
Excellent mistresse of lies, that at so deare a rate
False hopes, fain'd looks, and lying words dost sell,
That hast betray'd me so many wayes, perfidious *Corisca*.

Cor. I am *Corisca*, gentle *Satyr*, but not now
So pleasing to thine eyes as I haue been.

Sat. I gentle, wicked wretch, I was not so
When me thou lefist to follow *Coridon*.

Cor. I left thee for another.

Sat. See, see a wonder,
This is newes indeed. But when I stole
Faire *Lillaes* bowe, *Cloris* scarfe, *Daphnes* rich roabe
And *Silviaes* buskins, then thou promi'ft me
Thy loue thou gav'ft another should be my reward
The daintie garland which I gaue to thee,
Thougav'ft to *Nisus*. And when me thou mad'ft
To watch so many frostie nights, both in
The caue, the woods, and by the river side,
And ever mockedst me, was I not gentle then ?
Beleeue me now thou shalt me pay for all.

Cor. Thou stranglest me as if I were a dog.

Sat. Now see if thou canst runne away againe.
Thy pollicies shall not avails thee now.
If but thy head hold on, 'tis vaine to strue.

Cor. Good *Satyr*, giue me leaue to speake to thee.

Sat. Speake then.

Cor. How can I speake ? let me goe :
Vpon my faith I will not runne away.

Sat. What faith, oh faithlesse woman hast ?
Yet speak of faith to me ? Ile carry thee

The faithfull Shepheard.

Into the darkeſt caue this mountaine hath,
Where never Sunne, nor humane ſtep approach'd,
He hide the reſt there, thou with my delight,
And with thy ſcorne ſhalt feele what I will doe
with thee.

Cor. And canſt thou be ſo cruell to that haire
For which thou oft haſt ſworne 'twere ſweet to die,
And that thou couldſt not ſuffer too much ill for me?
Oh heavens, oh fates, whom ſhall a woman truſt?

Sat. Ah wicked, thinkeſt thou to deceiue me yet?
Canſt thou yet tempt me with thy ſubtilties?

Cor. Oh gentle *Satyr*, doe not make a ſcorne
Of her that thee adores. If ſo thy heart
Be not of marble made, behold me at
Thy feet, if ever I offended thee (O Idole of
My ſoule) I pardon craue. By theſe ſame ſtrong,
And more than manly knees which I embrace:
By that ſame loue thou ſometime bar'ſt to me,
By that ſame ſweetneſſe which thou wont'ſt to draw
Thou ſaid'ſt out of mine eyes, calling them ſtaries,
Now wretched fountaines of theſe bitter teares,
I pray thee pitie me, let mee but goe.

Sat. The wretch hath almoſt moov'd mee, ſhould
I but truſt
Affection onely, I were overcome.
But to be ſhort, I will not truſt thee, ſtrive no more.
For all this humbleneſſe thou art *Coriſca* ſtill.

Cor. Oh me my head, ſtay yet doe not denie
Mee one poore favour yet.

Sat. What favour's that?

Cor. Heare mee but once.

Sat. Thou think'ſt with fained words,
And forged teares to molliſie my heart.

The faithfull Shepheard.

Sat. Ah courteous *Satyr*, what wilt thou make of mee?

Sat. Wee'le trie.

Cor. No pitie then?

Sat. No pitie I.

Cor. Art thou resolv'd of this?

Sat. I am resolv'd.

Hast thou now made an end of all thy charmes?

Cor. Oh villaine indiscreet,unseasonable.

Halfe a man, halfe a goat,and all a beast:

Dryed *Carogne*, defect of wicked nature,

Dost thou beleue *Corisca* loues not thee?

It is most true. What should I loue in thee?

This goodly bunch of that besflaured beard,

These goatlike eares,that stinking toothlesse caue?

Sat. Oh witch,are these to mee?

Cor. These are to thee.

Sat. Rebald to mee?

Cor. Halfe goat to thee.

Sat. And doe'not I

With these my hands thrust out thy bitches tongue?

Cor. I if thou durst.

Sat. A silly woman in my hands

Dares braue me? dares despise me thus? Well Ile.

Cor. Villaine,what wilt thou doe?

Sat. Ile eat thee quicke.

Cor. Where bee thy teeth?

Sat. Oh heavens,who can endure?

Ile pay you home, come on.

Cor. I will not come.

Sat. That will I see.

Cor. Spite of thy heart I will not.

Sa. Come on,wee'l see who hath the stronger,thou
The

The faithfull Shepheard.

The necke, or I the armes. Nay soft and faire.
Well, let us see.

Sat. Goe to.

Cor. Satyr, hold fast.

Farewell, I would thy necke were broke. *Exit Cor.*

Sat. O me my head, my back, my side. Oh what
A fall is this? I scarce can turne my selfe.
And is shee gone, and left her head behind?
Vnusuall wonder. Nymphs and shepheards come,
Behold a witchcraft tricke of one that's fled,
And liues without a head! How light it is?
It hath no braines, there commeth out no blood.
Why looke I so? Oh foole, shee gone without a head!
Thou art without a head that seeest not
How thou art mockt. Treacherous perfidious witch,
Is't not enough th'ast made thy heart to lie,
Thy face, thy words, thy laughter, and thy looks,
But that thy haire must lie. Poets, behold
Your natie gold, your amber pure, that you
So fondly praise, for shame your subject change,
Instead whereof sing mee a witches subtiltie,
That robbeth sepulchres, and rotten heads,
To dresse her owne. As well you may goe praise
Megeraes viperous monstrous hayres. Lovers,
Behold, and be ashamed wretches now,
Make this the meanes your senses to recover,
That are insnar'd in such without more plaints.
But why stay I to publish out her shame?
This haire my tongue so famous made ere while,
I will go prooue to make againe as vile.

Finis Actus secundi.

The faithfull Shepheard.

CHORVS.

Great was her fault and errorr sure,
That did occasion all our teene:
Who Lones great lawes holy and pure,
(Breaking her faith) did violate,
And thereby did illuminate
The mortall rage of our immortall Queene.
That neither teares nor blood
Of many harmlesse soules haue done us good.
So faith to every vertue root
The ornament of every soule well borne,
In heauen hath surely set his foot,
That worthily are faithlesse held in scorne.
So Nature Truth would ever happy make,
Ev'n for the true Almighty makers sake.
Blind mortalls, you that haue so deepe desire
To get and to possesse
A gilded carkasse of a painted tire,
That like a naked shadow walks on still,
Seeking her sepulchre by guesse:
What lone, or rather fond will,
Hath witcht your heart dead beauty to pursue?
Rich treasures are lones follies found. The true
And linely lone is of the soule:
All other subjects want what lone requires,
Therefore they not deserue these amorous desires
The

The faithfull Shepheard.

*The soule because it onely lones againe,
Is onely worthie of this loving paine.*

It is a prettie thing to kisse

The delicate vermilian Rose (blisse

Of some faire cheek, they that haue prov'd that

(Right happy lovers) so will say. Yet those

Will say againe, kisses are dead and vaine,

Where beauty kist restores it not againe.

The strokes of two inamour'd lips are those

*Where mouth on mouth lones sweetest ven-
geance shoves.*

Those are true kisses Where with equall wills

We ever gine and take againe our fills.

Kisse but a curious mouth, a dainty hand,

A breast, a brow, or what you can demand,

You will confesse no part in woman is,

Sauē for sweet mouth that doth deserue a kisse,

By which two soules with linely spirits meet,

Making live rubies kindly entergreet:

So'mongst themselves those slowly sprightfull

Do enter-speak, and in a little sowne (kisses

Great things bewray, & sweetest secret blisses,

To others hidden, to themselves well knowne.

Such ioy, nay such sweet life doth loving proue,

Soule knit to soule by th' earthly knot of loue.

Kisses that kisses meet, doe paint unmoov'd

Th' incounters of two hearts, loving belov'd.

The faithfull Shepheard.

ACT. 3. SCEN. 1.

Mirillo.

O Spring, the gentle childhood of the yeare,
Mother of flowers, fresh hearbes, and fresh
desires,
Thou turn'st againe, but with thee doe not turne
The happie dayes of my delightfull joyes :
Thou turn'st, thou turn'st, but with thee turn'st
nought else,
Sawe of the losse of my deare treasures lorne
The miserable wretched memorie.
Thou art the same thou wert, so fresh, so faire,
But I am not as I was wont to be,
So deare to other eyes. Oh bitter sweets of loue,
Much worser 'tis to leese you once possesse,
Than never to haue you enjoy'd at all,
Much like the grieve to change a happie state.
The memory of any good that waits,
Consumes it selfe as th'other is consum'd.
But if my hopes be not as is their use,
Of brittle glasse, or that my deepe desire
Make not my hope much greater than the truth,
Heere shall I see the Sun-beames of mine eyes.
Heere, if I bee not mockt, I shall her see,
Stray her quicke feet at sound of my lament.
Heere shall my greedy eyes after long fast,
Receiue sweet food from her diuine lookes.
Here will she turne her soveraigne lights on me,
If not gentle, yet cruell will they bee.

The faithfull Shepheard.

If not the meanes to breed mine inward joy,
So fierce, yet as I dye to mine annoy.
O happie day, sigh'd for long time in vaine,
If after times so clouded with complaints,
Loue thou dost grant me sight of her fayre eyes,
I meane made bright as is the morning Sun,
Hither *Ergasto* sent me, where he said
Corisca, and my beautilous *Amarillis*
Would be together playing at blind man buffe:
Yet here see I none blind, saue my blind will,
That wandring seekes her sight by other meanes,
But finds it not. O poyson to my food,
This long delay blindeth my heart with feare,
My cruell destinie will never change.
Each houre, each moment that a Lover stayes,
Expecting his contentment, seemes a world.
But who doth know? perhaps I staid too long,
And here *Corisca* hath attended me.
Ay me! If this be true, then welcome death.

A C T. 3. S C E N. 2.

Amarillis. Mirrillo. Chorus of Nymphs.

Corisca.

BEhold the Buffe!

Mir. Behold indeed! ah sight.

Ama. Why stay yee now?

Mir. Ah voyce that hast at once

Both wounded me, and healed me againe.

Ama. Where be ye? what doe ye? *Lisetta* you,
That so desir'd this sport, where are you now?

Where:

The faithfull Shepherd.

Where is *Corisca*? and where be the rest?

Mir. Now may't be truly said that loue is blind,
And hath a scarfe that bindeth up his eyes.

Ama. Come list to mee: guide me cleare of these
trees,

There set me in the plaine, you round about
A circle make, and so begin the play.

Mir. What shall I doe? I see not how this sport
Can doe me good, nor I *Corisca* see, that is
The load-star of my hopes. Heavens ayd me.

Am. Why are ye come? think ye nought els to doe
But blind mine eyes? where are ye? let's begin?

Cho. Nim. Blind loue, I doe not trust to thee,

That makes desires full of obscuritie.

Thou hast small sight, and lesser troath,

Unhappy they that trust thine oath.

Blind or not blind thou temptst in vaine,

For I can shift mee in this plaine.

Blind thou dost see through Argos eyes,

Blind thou best-sighted safely tyes.

Now that I am at libertie,

I were a foole to trust to thee.

In jest nor earnest Ile not stay,

Because thou kill'st when thou dost play.

Am. But ye play too far off, ye should touch me.

Mir. O mighty gods, what doe I see! am I
In heaven or earth? y'haue no such harmonie.

Ch. Nim. But you that blind and faithlesse proue,

That calleth me to play this houre,

Behold I play, and with my hand,

Hit your backe, and by you stand.

I play and round about you runne,

And for I trust not you I shun.

The faithfull Shepheard.

*Here am I now, and there againe,
Whilst you take mee you strive in vaine.
The reason is, my heart is free,
Therefore you cannot handle me.*

Ama. I thought I had *Licoris* caught, and I
Haue got a tree. I heare you laugh full well.

Mir. Oh would I were that tree. Me thinkes I see
Corisca

Hidden in yonder shrubs, shee nods to me.
Tis ev'n shee, shee beckens still to me.

Cho. Nim. Free hearts haue ever feet to flie,
And so (entrising power) haue I.
Yet will you tempt mee in to traine?
In faith (sweet) no: 'tis all in vaine.
The reason is, my heart is free,
Therefore you cannot handle me.

Ama. I would this tree were burn'd, now had I
thought
I had *Elisabetta*.

Mir. Yet doth *Corisca* poynt,
Shee threatens me, sh'would haue me put my selfe
Among these Nymphs.

Ama. Belike thus I all day
Must play with trees.

Cor. I must spite of my heart
Go out and speak. Why stais't thou fearfull wretch?
Vntill she come into thy armes? let her take thee:
Giue me thy dart (foole) go and meet with her.

Mir. How ill agrees my heart with my desire?
Th'one dares so little, th'other seekes so much.

Ama. 'Tis time I turne againe unto the sport,
I almost weary am. Fie, fie: you make
Me runne too much, in faith y'are too blame.

Cho. Nim.

The faithfull Shepheard.

Cho. Nim. Now looke about triumphant powre,
That the worlds tribute dost devoure.
Now bear'st thou mocks, and many a bar,
And like an Owle th'art wondred at.
About whom birds flocke thicke and round,
Whilst them shee striues in vaine to wound.
So art thou love this instant tide,
Laught at and mockt on every side.
Some hit thy backe, and some thy face,
Sparing thee neither time nor place.
It will not boot thee spread thy wings,
Nor that thy pinions whistling flings,
Catch how thou wilt, thou get'st not mee,
The reason is, my heart is free.

Amarillis takes Mirtillo now.
Him thou hast caught, it is no wonder,
For Loue holds all his senses under.

Exeunt Cho. Nim.

ACT. 3. SCEN. 3.

Amarillis. Mirtillo. Corisca.

IN faith *Aglaune*, I haue catcht you now.
Will you be gone? nay soft, Ile hold you fast.

Cor. Trust me, had I not unawares to him
Thrust him on her, this labour had been lost.

Ama. VVhat, not a word? are you shee, or not
shee?

Cor. Here doe I take this dart, and in this groue
I turne me to obserue what followeth.

Ama. So now I know *Corisca*, are you not?

'Tis

The faithfull Shepheard.

'Tis so you are so great, and haue no haire.
I could haue wisht no better match than this.
And since you ty'de me, doe untie me too,
Quickly my heart, and I will pay thee with
The sweetest kisse thou ever hadst. Why stay'st ?
Mee thinkes your hands doe shake. Put to your
teeth,

If with your nayles you cannot doe the deed.
How tedious y'are ? Let me alone,
My selfe will rid mee of this trouble soone :
But see how many knots haue made me sure.
Ah that I may but make you play this part.
So now I see. Ay me, what doe I see ?
Let mee alone (traytour) ay wretched me.

Mir. Stand still my soule.

Ama. Let me alone I say.

Dare you thus offer force to Nymphs ? *Aglaure,*
Elisa, treachours, where are you become ?
Let mee alone.

Mir. Behold, I let you goe.

Ama. This is *Coriscaes* craft; well, keepe you that,
Which you haue not deserv'd.

Mir. Why flie you hence ?

(Cruell) behold my death, behold this dart
Shall pierce my wofull breast.

Ama. What will you doe ?

Mirt. That which perhaps grieues you (most cru-
ell Nymph)

That any else besides your selfe should doe.

Ama. O me, me thinks I am halfe dead.

Mir. But if this worke belong alone to you,
Behold my breast, here take this fatall dart.

Ama. Death you haue merited. But tell me who
Hath

The faithfull Shepheard.

Hath made you boldly thus presume ?

Mir. My loue.

Ama. Loue is no cause of any villaine act.

Mirt. Loue trust mee 'twas in mee. I made mee
respectiue :

And since you first laid hold on mee lesse cause

You haue to call my action villanie.

Yea ev'n when I by so commodious meanes

Might be made bold to use the-lawes of loue,

Yet did I quake a Lover to be found.

Am. Cast not my blind deeds in my teeth, I pray.

Mir. My much more loue makes mee more blinde
than you.

Ama. Prayers and fine conceits, not snares and
thefts,

Discreetest Lovers use.

Mir. As savage beast

With hunger hunted, from the woods breaks forth,

And doth assaile the stranger on his way :

So I that onely by your beautilous eyes

Doe liue; since that sweet food me haue forbade,

Either your crueltie, or else my fate,

A starved Lover issuing from those woods,

Where I haue suffered long and wretched fast,

Haue for my health assayd this stratageme,

Which loues necessitie upon me thrust.

Now blame not me (Nymph cruell) blame your selfe,

For prayers and conceits, true loues discretion,

As you them call, you not attend from me,

You haue bereau'd with shunning me the meanes

To loue discreetly.

Ama. Discreetly might you doe,

To leaue to follow that which flies you so,

In.

The faithfull Shepheard.

In vaine you know you doe pursue me still.
What is't you seeke of me ?

Mir. Onely one time
Daine but to heare me, ere I wretched die.

Am. Tis well for you, the favour that you aske,
You haue already had : now get you hence.

Mir. Ah Nimph, that which I haue already said,
Is but a drop of that huge ample sea
Of my complaints ; if not for pitie sake,
Yet for your pleasure now heare (cruell) but
The latest accents of a dying voice.

Am. To ease your mind, and me this cumber rid,
I grant to heare you, but with this condition,
Speake small, part soone, and never turne againe.

Mir. In too too small a bundle (cruell Nimph)
You doe command me binde my huge desires,
VWhich measures but by thought, nought could con-
taine :

That I you loue, and loue you more than life,
If you denie to know, aske but these woods,
And they will tell, and tell you with them will
Their beasts, their trees, & stones of these great rocks,
Which I so oft haue tender made, to melt
At sound of my complaints. But what make I
Such prooffe of loue where such rare beautie is ?
See but how many beaurious things the skies cōtaine
How many dresse the earth in braue attire :
Thence shall you see the force of my desire.
For as the waters fall, the fire doth rise,
The ayre doth flie, the earth lies firmly still,
And all these same the skies doe compasse round:
Ev'n so to you as to their chiefeft good,
My soule doth flie, and my poore thoughts doe run

With

The faithfull Shepheard.

With all affection to your louely beauries :
He that from their deare object would not turne,
Might first turne from their usuall course the skies,
The earth, the ayre, the water, and the fire,
And quite remooue the earth from off his seat.
But why command you me to speake but small?
Small shall I tell, if I but tell you shall
That I must die, and lesse shall dying doe,
If I but see what is my ruine too.
Ay me, what shall I doe? which may out-last
My miserable loue? When I am dead,
Yet cruell soule haue pitie on my paines?
Ah faire! ah deare! sometime so sweet a cause,
Why I did liue whilst my good fates were pleas'd.
Turne hitherward those starry lights of loue,
Let me them see once meeke and full of pitie
Before I die. So may my death be sweet:
As they haue been good guides unto my life,
So let them be unto my death, and that
Sweet looke which first begat my loue, beget
My death: let my loues *Hesperus* become
The evening Starre of my decayed day.
But you obdurate, never pitie feele,
Whil'st I more humble, you more haughtie are.
And can you heare me, and not speake a word?
Whom doe I speake to (wretch) a marble stone?
If you will say nought else, yet bid me die,
And you shall see what force your words will haue.
Ah wicked loue, this is a misery extreame,
A Nymph so cruell, so desirous of my death,
Because I aske it as a favour, scornes to giue it,
Arming her cruell voyce in silence so,
Lest it might favour mine exceeding woe.

The faithfull Shepheard.

Ama. If I as well to answere, as to heare,
You promis'd had, just cause you might haue found
To haue condemn'd my silence for unjust.
You call me cruell, imagining perhaps,
By that reproofe more easily to draw
Mee to the contrary. No, know (*Mirtillo*)
I am no more delighted with the sound
Of that desertlesse, and disliked praise
You to my beautie giue, than discontent
To heare you call me cruell, and unjust.
I grant this crueltie to any else a fault,
But to a Lover vertue 'tis and honestie,
Which in a woman you call crueltie.
But be it as you would blame-worthy fault,
To bee unkind to one that loues. Tell me,
When was *Amarillis* cruell unto you?
Perhaps when reason would not giue me leaue
To use this pitie: yet how I it us'd,
Your selfe can judge, when you from death I sav'd;
I meane, when you among a noble sort of Maids,
A lustfull Lover in a womans cloathes
Banded your selfe, and durst contaminate
Their purest sports, mingling mong kisses inno-
cent,
Kisses lascivious and impure: which to remember
I am asham'd. But heavens my witnesse are,
I knew you not; and after I you knew,
I scorn'd your deed, and kept my soule untoucht
From your lasciviousnesse, not suffering at all,
The venome there to runne to my chaste heart.
You violated nothing, saue th'outside
Of these my lips. A mouth kist but by force,
Spits out the kisse, and kills the shame withall.

But

The faithfull Shepheard.

But tell me you, what fruit had you receiv'd
Of your rash theft, had I discovered you
Vnto those Nymphes? The Thracian *Orpheus* had
not beene

So lamentably torne on *Ebers* banks
Of *Bacchus* dames, as you had been of them,
Had not you help'd, her pittie whome you cruell
call.

That pittie which was fitt for mee to giue, I ever
gaue:

For other 'tis in vaine you either aske or hope:

If you me loue, then loue mine honestie,

My fastie loue, and loue my life with all.

Thou art too farre from that which thou desir'st,

The heavens forbid, the earth contraries it,

Death is the punishment thereof. And aboue all,

Mine honestie defies forbidden acts:

Then with a safer keeper of her honours flowre,

A soule well borne will ever scorne to haue.

Then rest in peace (*Mirtillo*) giue ore this suite,

Get thee farre hence to liue, if thou beest wise.

T'abandon life for peevish grieve or smart,

Is not the action of a valiant heart.

From that which pleaseth vertue, 'tis t'abstaine,

If that which pleaseth breeds offence againe.

Mirt. To saue ones life is not within his power,
That hath his soule forsaken, and giv'n ore.

Amar. One arm'd in vertue, conquereth all de-
fire.

Mirt. Vertue small conquest gets where Loue tri-
umphes.

Ama. Who cannot what hee would, will what
hee can.

Mirt.

The faithfull Shepheard.

Mirt. Oh loues necessitie no lawes endures.

Ama. Distance of place may heale your wound
again.

Mirt. In vaine one flies from that his heart doth
harbour.

Ama. A new desire an old will quite displace.

Mir. Had I another heart, another soule.

Ama. Time will at last clearly this loue consume.

Mir. I, after loue hath quite consum'd my life:

Ama. Why then your wounds will not bee cur'd
at all?

Mir. Never till death.

Ama. Till death? well, heare me now,
And looke my words be lawes unto your deeds.
Howbee't I know to die is the more usuall voice
Of an inamour'd tongue, than a desire,
Or firme conceit his soule hath entertain'd:
Yet if by chance such strange folly hath
Possess't thy mind, know then thy death will be
Death to mine honour, as unto thy life.
Now if thou lov'st me, liue, and let it bee
A token of thy wit, henceforth thou shunne
To see me, or to seeke my companie.

Mir. O cruell sentence! can I without life
Liue thinke you then? or can I without death
Find end unto my torment and my griefe?

Ama. Well, now 'tis time you go (*Mirrillo*) hence.
You'l stay too long. Goe comfort your selfe,
That infinite the troupe of wretched Lovers is.
All wounds do bring with them their severall paine,
Nor can you onely of this loue complaine.

Mir. Among these wretches I am not alone:
but yet

A mi-

The faithfull Shepheard.

A miserable spectacle am onely I,
Of dead and living, nor can liue nor die.

Ama. Well, goe your wayes.

Mir. Ah sad departure,
End of my life, goe I from you, and doe not die?
And yet I feele the very pangs of death,
That doe giue life unto mine extasie,
To make my heart immortally to die.

Exit Mirtillo.

ACT. 3. SCENE. 4.

Amarillis.

OH *Mirtillo*! oh my dearest soule,
Couldst thou but see into her heart, whom
thou

Call'st cruell *Amarillis*, then wouldst thou say,
Thou hadst that pitie which thy heart desires.

Oh mindes too much infortunate in loue!

What boots it thee my heart to be belov'd?

What boots it me to haue so deare a Loue?

VVhy should the cruell fates so disunite

VVhom Loue conjoynes? And why should tray-
terous Loue

Conjoyne them whom the Destinies doe part?

Oh happie savage beasts, whom nature giues

No lawes in loue, saue very loue it selfe.

Inhumane humane law, that punishest

This loue with death, if't bee so sweet to sin,

And not to sinne so necessary bee,

Imperfect Nature that repugneth Law,

Or

The faithfull Shepherd.

Or Law too hard that Nature doth offend.
But ruff, sheelones too little that feares death,
VVould Gods death were the vvorst that's due to
sinne.

Deare chastitie, th'inviolable power
Of soules well borne, that hast my amorous will
Retain'd in chaines of holy rigour still:
To thee I consecrate my harmlesse sacrifice.
And thou my soule (*Mirtillo*) pardon me,
That cruell am, where I should pitious bee.
Pardon her that in lookes and onely words
Doth seeme thy foe, but in my heart thy friend.
If thou wouldst bee reveng'd, what greater paine
Would'st thou inflict, than this my cruell grieve?
Thou art my heart, and shalt be spite of heaven,
And earth, when thou dost plaine, and sigh, and
weepe,
Thy teares become my blood, thy sighes my
breath:
And all thy paines they are not onely thine,
For I them feele, and they are turned mine.

A C T. 3. S C E N. 5.

Corisca. Amarillis.

Hide you no more, my *Amarillis* now.
Ama. Wretch, I discovered am.

Cor. I all haue heard,
Bee not afraid, did I not say, I lov'd you?
And yet you are afraid, and hides your selfe
From her that loues you so. Why doe you blush?

This

The faithfull Shepheard.

This blushing is a common fault.

Ama. *Corisca*, I am conquer'd I confesse.

Cor. That which you cannot hide, you will confesse.

Ama. And now I see too weake a thing doth prooue

A womans heart t'incounter mightie Loue.

Cor. Cruell unto *Mirrillo*, but more cruell to your selfe.

Ama. It is not crueltie that springs of pitie.

Cor. *Cicute* and *Aconite* doe growe from wholesome rootes.

I see no difference twixt this cruelie
That doth offend, and pitie helping not.

Ama. Ah mee *Corisca*!

Cor. These sighes, good sister,
Are but weaknesse of your heart. Th'are fit
For women of small worth.

Ama. I could not bee
Thus cruell, but I should loue, cherish hopelesly.
Therefore to shun him shewes I haue compassion
Of his ill and mine.

Cor. Why hopelesly?

Ama. Doe you not know I am espous'd to *Silvio*?
And that the Law each woman doomes to death,
That violates her faith?

Cor. Oh simple foole,
Is this the let? Which is more ancient among us,
Dianes law or Loues? this in our breasts
Is bred and growes with us, *Nature* her selfe
With her owne hands imprints in our hearts breasts:
And where this law commaunds, both heav'n and
earth obey.

Ama.

The faithfull Shepherd.

Ama. But if the other Law doe take my life,
How can Loues lawe restore it me againe ?

Cor. You are too nice, were every woman so,
Had all such straight respects, Good times farewell.
Small practisers are subject to this paine.
The law doth never stretch unto the wise.
Beleeue mee should blame-worthy all be flaine,
The Countrey then would soone prooue woman-
lesse.

It needfull was theft should forbidden be,
To them that closely could not cover theft.
This honestie is but an art to seeme so,
Let others as they list beleeue, Ile thinke so still.

Ama. These are but vanities (*Corista*) 'twere best
Quickly to leaue that which we cannot hold.

Cor. And who forbids thee foole ? This life's too
short,

To passe it over with one onely loue :
Men are too sparing of their favours now,
(Whether't be for want, or else for frowardnesse)
The fresher that we are, the dearer still :
Beautie and youth once gone, w'are like Bee-hiucs,
That hath no honey, no nor yet no waxe,
Let men prate on, they doe not feele our woes,
For their condition differs much from ours,
The elder that they grow, they grow the perfecter :
If they loose beautie, yet they wisdom gaine :
But when our beautie fades that oftentimes
Conquers their greatest witts, straight fadeth all our
good,

There cannot bee a vilder thing to see
Than an old woman. Therefore ere thou age attaine,
Know me thy selfe, and use it as thou shouldst.

The faithfull Shepheard.

VVhat were a Lyon worth did hee not use his strength ?

What's a mans wit worth that lies idly by ?
Ev'n so our beautie proper strength to us,
As force to Lyons, wisdom unto men,
We ought to use whilst it we haue. Time flies
Away, and yeares come on, our youth once lost,
We like cut flowres never grow fresh againe.
And to our hoarie haire loue well may runne,
But Lovers will our wrinkled skinnes still shunne.

Ama. Thou speakest this (*Corisca*) me to trie,
Not as thou think'st, I am sure. But be assur'd
Except thou shew'st some meanes how I may shun
This marriage bonds, my thought's irrevocable,
And I resolved am rather to die,
Than any way to spot my chastitie.

Cor. I haue not seene so obstinate a foole :
But since you are resolv'd, I am agreed.
But tell me, doe you thinke your *Silvio* is
As true a friend to faith, as you to chastitie ?

Ama. Thou mak'st mee smile. *Silvio* a friend to
faith?
How can that be ? hee's enimie to loue.

Cor. *Silvio* an enemy to loue ? O foole,
These that are nice, put thou no trust in them :
Loues theft is never so securely done,
As hidden under vaile of honestie.
Thy *Silvio* loues (good sister) but not thee.

Ama. What goddesse is shee ? for she cannot be
A mortall wight, that lighted hath his loue.

Cor. Nor goddesse, nor a Nymph.

Ama. What doe you tell ?

Cor. Know you *Lisetta* ?

Ama. She

The faithfull Shepherd.

Ama. Shée that your cattell keeps?

Cor. Ev'n shée.

Ama. Can it bee true?

Cor. That same's his heart.

Ama. Sure hee's provided of a daintie Loue.

Cor. Each day he faines that he on hunting goes.

Ama. I every morning heare his cursed horne.

Cor. About noone-time when others busie are,
He his companions shuns, and comes alone
By a backe way unto my garden, there
Where a shadow hedge doth close it in,
There doth shée heare his burning sighs, his vowes,
And then shée tells me all, and laughs at him.
Now heare what I thinke good to doe. Nay I
Haue done't for you already. You know the law
That tyes us to our faith, doth giue us leaue,
Finding our Spouses in the act of perfidie,
Spite of our friends the marriage to denie,
And to provide us of another if we list.

Ama. That know I well, I haue examples two,
Leucipp to *Ligurine*, *Armilla* to *Turingo*,
Their faith once broke, they tooke their owne a-
gain.

Cor. Now heare: *Lisetta* by my appoyntment
hath
Promist to meet th'unway Lover here
In this same caue, and now hee is the best
Contented youth that liues, attending but the houre,
There would I haue you take him. He be there
To beare you witnesse of't, for else we worke
In vaine, so are you free from this same noysome
knot,

Both with your honor, and your fathers too.

The faithfull Shepheard.

Ama. Oh braue invention ! good *Corisca*, what's to doe ?

Co. Obserue my words. In midst of this same caue,
Vpon the right hand is a hollow stone,
I know not if by Art or Nature made,
A little caue all linde with Ivie leaues,
To which a little hole aloft giues light,
A fit and thankfull receptacle for lones thest.
Prevent their comming, and attend them there :
He haste *Lisetta* forward, and as soone
As I perceiue your *silvio* enter, so will I :
Step you to her, and as the custome is,
Weele carry both unto the Priest, and there dissolue
This marriage knot.

Ama. What, to his father ?

Cor. What matter's that ? Thinke you *Montanus*
dare

His private to a publike good compare ?

Ama. Then closing up mine eyes, I let my selfe
Be led by thee my deare, my faithfull guide.

Cor. But doe not stay now, enter me betime.

Ama. He to the Temple first, and to the gods
My prayers make, without whose ayd no happy end
Can ever sort to mortall enterprise.

Cor. All places (*Amarillis*) temples are,
To hearts devout. You'll slack your time too much.

Ama. Time's never lost in praying unto them,
That doe command the time.

Cor. Goe then, dispatch.

Now, if I erre not, am I at good passe,
Onely this staying troubles me, yet may it helpe.
I must goe make new snares to traine in *Coridon*.
He make him thinke that I will meet him there,

And

The faithfull Shepherd.

And after *Amarillis* send him soone :
Then by a secret way Ile bring *Dianæes* Priests,
Her shall they finde, and guiltie doome to death.
My rivall gone, *Mirtillo* sure is mine.
See where he comes. Whilst *Amarillis* stayes
Ile somewhat trie him. Loue now once inspire
My tongue with words, my face with heavenly fire.

ACT. 3. SCEN. 6.

Mirtillo. Corisca.

HEere weeping sprights of hell new torments
heare,

New sorts of paine, a cruell mind behold,
Included in a looke most mercifull,
My loue more fierce than the infernall pit,
Because my death cannot suffice to glut
Her greedie will, and that my life is but
A multitude of deaths commands me live,
That to them all my life might living giue.

Cor. Ile make as though I heard him not: I heare
A lamentable voyce plaine heereabouts,
I wonder who it is: Oh my *Mirtillo*.

Mir. So would I were a naked shade or dust.

Co. How feeble you now your selfe after your long
Discourse with your so dearely loved Nymph?

Mir. Like a weake sicke man that hath long de-
fir'd

Forbidden drinke, at last gets it unto his mouth,
And drinks his death, ending at once both life and
thirst.

The faithfull Shepherd.

So I long sicke, burnt and consumed in
This amorous drought, from two faire fountaines
that

Ice doe distill from out a rockie braine
Of an indurate heart
Haue drunke the poyson that my life will kill,
Sooner than halfe of my desire fulfill.

Cor. So much more mightie waxeth Loue as from
Our hearts the force is he receiues (deare *Mirtillo*)
For as the Beare is wont with licking to giue shape
To her mishapen brood, that else were helpelesse
borne;

Even so a Lover to his bare desire,
That in the birth was shapelesse, weake and fraile,
Giving but forme and strength begetteth loue:
Which whilst 'tis young and tender, then 'tis sweet,
But waxing to more yeares, more cruell growes,
That in the end (*Mirtillo*) an inveterate affect,
Is ever full of anguish and defect.

For whilst the mind on one thought onely beats,
It waxeth thicke by being too much fixt:
So loue that should bee pleasure and delight,
Is turn'd to melancholy, and what worser is,
It prooues at last, or death, or madnesse at the least:
VVherefore wise is that heart that often changeth
loue.

Mir. Ere I change will, or thought, chang'd must
my life
Bee into death, for though the beautious *Amarillis*
Be most cruell, yet is shee all my life:
Nor can this bodies bulke at once containe
More than one heart, more than one soule retaine.

Cor. O wretched shepherd, ill thou knowst to use
Loue

The faithfull Shepheard.

Loue in his kind, loue one that hates thee, one
That flies from thee, fie man, I had rather die.

Mir. As gold in fire, so faith in griefe's refine:
Nor can (*Corisca*) amorous constancie
Shew his great power, but through crueltie.
This onely rests amongst my many griefes
My sole content, doth my heart burne or die,
Or languish ne're so much, light are the paines,
Plaints, torments, sighs, exile, and death it selfe,
For such a cause, for such a sweet respect.
That life before my faith shall broken be,
So worse than death I hold inconstancie.

Cor. O braue exploit, Lover magnanimous,
Like an enraged beast, or senselesse rocke,
There cannot be a greater damned plague,
More mortall poyson to a soule in loue,
Than is this faith. Vnhappie is that heart,
That lets it selfe be gull'd with vaine fantasmes
Of this erronious and unseasonable
Disturber of these amorous delights.
Tell mee poore man with this thy foolish vertue of
constancie,
What lov'st thou in her that doth thee despise?
Lov'st thou the beautie that is none of thine?
The joy thou hast not? the pitie thou wantst?
The reward thou doest not hope for? if thou deemst
right,
Thou lov'st thine ill, thy griefe, thy very death,
Th'art mad to hunt thus that thou canst not haue.
Lift up thy selfe (*Mirtillo*) happily thou wantst
Some choyce of friends, thou findest none to thy
mind.

Mir. More deare to me is paine for *Amarillis*,
E 4 Than

The faithfull Shepheard.

Than any joy a thousand else can giue :
If me my Fates forbid her to enjoy,
For me then die all other kinds of joy.
I fortunate in any other kinde of loue ?
No though I would I could not :
Nor though I could I would not.
And if I thought in any time hencefoorth
My will would wish, or power obtaine the same,
I would desire of heav'n and Loue at once
Both will and power might quite be ta'ne away.

Cor. VVilt thou then die for her that thee disdaines ?

Mirr. VWho pitie not expects, doeth feare no paines.

Cor. Doe not deceiue thy selfe, perhaps thou thinkst

Shee doth dissemble in this deepe despight,
And that shee loues thee well for all this show.
Oh that thou knewst what unto me shee ever sayes.

Mirr. All these are trophees of my truest faith,
With which I will triumph over her cruell will,
Over my paines, and my distressed chance,
Over worlds fortune, and over death it selfe.

Cor. VVhat would hee doe, did hee but know
her loue ?

How I bewaile thee, wretched phrensie man :
Tell me, didst thou ere any loue besides ?

Mirr. She was my first, and shee my last shall be.

Cor. For ought that I can see you never tryde
Loue but in cruell moods, but in disdaine.
Oh if you had but prov'd him one time kind,
Prooue him but so, and you shall see how sweet a
thing

It is

The faithfull Shepheard.

It is t'enjoy a gratefull Nymph; sheele you adore,
Sheele make your *Amarillis* bitter to your taste.
How deare a thing it is wholly to haue
What you desire, and bee nought barr'd thereof.
Heare your Nymph sigh to coole your scalding sighs,
And after say, My deare, all that you see is yours.
If I bee faire, I am onely faire for you:
Onely for you I cherish these my cheekes,
My locks, my breast, my deare hearts only lodge.
But this (alasse) is but a brooke to that
Great sea of sweets, which we in loue might taste,
Which none can utter saue by prooffe.

Mit. Thousand times blest that under such a star
is borne.

Cor. Heare mee (*Mirtillo*) how like I was t'haue
sayd

(My heart) a Nymph as gentle as the winde
Doth blow upon, with haire of glistring gold,
As worthy of your loue, as you of hers,
Praise of these woods, loue of a thousand hearts,
By worthy Youths in vaine solicited,
You onely loues more than her heart, her life,
If you be wise doe not despise her then.
Shee like a shadow to thy selfe will bee,
A faithfull follower of thy footsteps ever,
One at thy word, obedient at thy becke,
All houres of day and night at thy commaund,
Doe not forsake this rare adventure then,
No pleasure in this earth so sweet as this:
It will not cost a teare, no not a sigh.
A joy accommodated to thy will,
A sweetnesse tempred sweetly to thy taste,
Is't not a treasure worth the having (man?)

The faithfull Shepherd.

Leave then the feet of flying hopelesse trace,
And her that followes thee, scorne not t'mbrace.
I feed you not with hopes of vanitie,
If you desire to see her, you shall see her straight.

Mirr. My heart's no subject for these Loues delights.

Cor. Proue it but once, and then returne againe
Vnto thy solitary griefe, so mayst thou see
What are those joyes that in loues pleasures be.

Mirr. A taste corrupted, pleasant things abhorres.

Cor. Be not you cruell yet to rob her life,
That on your eyes depends, you know what 'tis
To beg with povertie; if you desire
Pitie your selfe, doe it not her denie.

Mirr. What pitie can he giue that none can get?
In summe, I am resolv'd whilst here I liue,
To keepe my faith to her how ere she prooue,
Cruell or pitifull, or how she will.

Cor. Oh truly blind, unhappy senselesse man,
To whom preserv'st thou faith? trust mee, I am loath
T'augment thy griefe, but for the loue I beare thee
I cannot choose. Thinkst *Amarillis* is unkind
For zeale shee to Religion beares?

Or unto chastitie? Thou art a foole,
The roome is occupied, and thou must weepe
Whilst others laugh. What? now th'art dumbe.

Mirr. Now stands my life in midst twixt life and
death,

Whilst I in doubt doe stand, if to belecue,
Or not belecue, this makes me so amaz'd.

Cor. You'll not beleue me then?

Mirr. Oh, if I doe,
Stright shall you see my miserable end.

Cor. Live

The faithfull Shepheard.

Cor. Liue wretched man, liue and revenged be.

Mir. Oh no, it is not true, it cannot be.

Cor. Well theres no remedie, I must rehearse
That which will vexe thy heart. Seest thou that caue?
That is the true custodian of her faith,
And her Religion. There thee to scorne she laughs,
There with thy torments doth she sauce the joyes
Of thy thrice happy rivall. There to be plaine
Thy faithfull *Amarillis* oft is wont
To dally in the armes of a base shepheard slaue.
Goe sigh, preserue thy faith, there's thy reward.

Mir. Dost thou tell true, *Corisca*? may I beleue thee?

Cor. The more thou seek'st, the worse thou findest still.

Mir. But hast thou seene this thing, *Corisca*?

Cor. I haue not seen't, yet mayst thou if thou wilt;
For even this day is order ta'ne, this boure,
That they may meet. Hide thee but somewhere here,
And thou shalt see her first goe in, then he.

Mir. Then comes my death.

Cor. See where shee comes,
Softly descending by the Temples way. Seest thou
her?

Doe not her stealing feet bewray her stealing heart?
Attend thou heere, and thou shalt see th' effect.

Mir. Since I am here, the truth I now will see,
Till then, my life and death suspended be.

ACT.

The faithfull Shepheard.

ACT. 3. SCEN. 7.

Amarillis.

L Et never mortall enterprife be ta'ne in hand
Without this heavenly counsell; halfe confus'd
And doubtfull was my heart, when I went hence
Vnto the Temple, whence thanks be to heaven,
I doe well comforted, and well dispos'd returne.
Me thought to my pure prayers and devout,
I felt a spright celestiaall moove within me
Heartning my thoughts, that as it were did say,
What fear'st thou *Amarillis*? be assur'd.
So will I goe assur'd, heavens be my guide;
Favour, faire Mother of Loue, her pure designes,
That on thy succour onely doth depend.
Queene of the triple skie, if ere thou prov'dst
Thy sonnes hot fire, take pitie then of mine.
Guide hither courteous Goddesse, that same swaine
With swift and subtil feet, that hath my faith.
And thou deare Cae, into thy bosome take
Mee, Loues handmayd, and giue me leaue there to
Accomplish my desires. Why doe I stay?
Here's none doth see or heare. Enter secure.
Oh *Mirtillo*, could'st thou but dreame to finde me
heere.

ACT.

The faithfull Shepheard.

ACT. 3. SCEN. 8:

Mirtillo.

WHat am I blind? or doe I too much see?
Ah had I but been borne without these eyes,
Or rather not at all had I been borne.
Did spitefull fates reserve mee thus alive,
To let me see so bad, so sad a sight?
Mirtillo thy torments passe the paines of hell.
No: doubt no more: suspend not thy beliefe,
Thine eyes, thine eares, have scene, have heard it true.
Thy loue another ownes, not by the law
Of earth, that binds her unto any one,
But by loves law, that tyes her sole to thee.
O cruell *Amarillis*, wa'st not enough
To kill me wretch, but thou must scorne me too?
That faithles mouth that sometime grac't my joyes,
Did vomit out my hatefull name, because
She would not have it in her heart to bee
A poore partaker of her pleasure sweet.
Why stay'st thou now? the she that did give me life
Hath ta'n't away and giv'n't another man:
Yet wretch thou liv'st, thou dost not die. O die
Mirtillo, die to thy tormenting grieve,
As to thy joy thou art already dead.
Die dead *Mirtillo*, finish't is thy life.
Finish thy torment too: fleet wretched soule
Through this soure constrain'd and wayward death:
Tis for thy greater ill that thus thou liv'st.
But what? And must I die without revenge?
First will I make him die that gives me death:

Desire

The faithfull Shepheard.

Desire to liue so long I will retaine,
Till justly I haue that usurper slaine.
Yeeld grieue unto revenge : pitie to rage,
Death unto life, till with my life I haue
Reueng'd the death, another guiltlesse gaue.
This Steele shall not drinke mine unuenged blood,
My hand shall rage ere it shall pitious be.
What ere thou art that joyest my comforts all,
Ile make thee feele thy ruine in my fall.
Ile place mee heere ev'n in this very groue,
And as I see him but approach the caue,
This Dart shall sudden wound him in his side.
It shall be coward like to strike him thus,
Ile challenge him to single combat, I :
Not so ; for to this place so knowne and usde,
Shepheards may come to hinder us, and worse,
May search the cause that moov'd me to this fight,
Which to denie were wickednesse, to faigne,
Will make me faithlesse held, and to discover,
Will blot her name with endlesse infamy :
In whom albeit I like not what I see,
Yet what I lov'd, I doe, and ever shall.
But what, hope I to see th'adulterer die,
That robb'd her of her honour, me my life ?
But if I kill him, shall not then his blood
Bee to the world a token of this deed ?
Why feare I death ? since I desire to dye.
But then this murder once made plaine, makes
 plaine
The cause whereby, shee shall incurre that infamie :
Ile enter then this caue, and so assayle him,
I so, that pleaseth mee : Ile steale in softly,
So that shee shall not heare me. I beleue,

That

The faithfull Shepheard.

That in the secretst and the closest part,
I gather by her words, I shall her finde,
Therefore I will not enter in too farre.
A hollow hole there is made in a rocke,
The left side cover'd all with yvie leaves :
Beneath th' other ascent there will I stand,
And time attend t' effect what I desire :
Ile beare my dead foe to my living foe.
Thus of them both I shall be well reveng'd:
Then vvith this selfe same Dart Ile pierce this
breast,
So shall there be three pierst without reliefe,
First two with Steele, the third with deadly grieve.
Fierce shee shall see the miserable end
Of her belov'd, and her betrayed friend.
This Caue that should be harbour of her joyes,
Of both her ioues, and that which more I craue,
Of her great shame, may prooue the happy graue.
And you the steps that I in vaine haue followed,
Could you mee speed of such a faithfull way ?
Could you direct mee to so deare a Bowre ?
Behold, I follow you O *Corisca, Corisca,*
Now hast thou told too true, now I beleue thee.

ACT.

The faithfull Shepheard.

ACT. 3. SCENE. 9.

Satyre.

DOeth this man then belecue *Corisca* following
her steps

Into the Caue of *Ericina*? Well, hee's mad,
He knowes her not; beleue me he had need
Haue better hold of her ingaged faith,
Than I had of her haire: But knottes more stran-
ged,

Than gaudy gifts on her he cannot tye.
This damned Whoore hath sold her selfe to him,
And here sheele pay the shamefull markets price.
Shee is within, her steps bewray the same,
This fallles out for her punishment, and thy revenge:
With this great overstanding stone close thou the
Caue,

Goe then about, and fetch the Priest with thee:
By the hill way which few or none do know,
Let her be executed as the law commands,
For breach of marriage troth, which she to *Coridon*
Hath plighted, though she ever it conceal'd
For feare of me, so shall I be reveng'd
Of both at once. I'le leese no farther time:
From off this Elme I'le cut a bough, with which
I may more speedily remoue this stone: Oh how great
it is!

How fast it stickes. I'le digge it round about.
This is a worke indeed: Where are my wonted for-
ces?

Oh perverse starres! in spite of you I'le moov't.
Oh *Pan Licens*, help me now, thou wert a lover once,
Revenge

The faithfull Shepheard.

Revenge thy loue disdaind, upon *Corisca*.
So, in the name of thy great power it mooues.
So, in the power of thy great name it falles.
Now is the wicked Foxe ta'ne in the trappe.
Oh that all wicked Women were with thee within;
That with one fire they might be all destroyd.

CHORVS.

How puissant art thou *Loue*,
Natures miracle, and the worlds wonder?
What sauadge nation, or what rusticke heart
Is it that of thy power feeles no part?
But what Wit's so profound can pull asunder
That powers strength?
Who feels those flames thy fire lights at length,
Immoderate and vaine,
Will say a mortall spright thou sole dost raigne
And line, in the corporall and fleshy brest.
But who feeles after how a lover is
Wak'ned to Vertue, and how all those flames
Do tremble out at sight of honest shames,
(Vnbridled blustering lusts broght down to rest)
Will call thee spright of high immortall blisse,
Having thy holy receptacle in the soule.
Rare miracle of humane and diuine aspects,
(That blind) dost see, & wisdom (mad) corrects
Of sense and understanding intellects,

Of

The faithfull Shepheard.

Of reason and desire confus'd affects.
Such Emperie hast thou on earth,
And so the heavens aboue dost thou controule,
Yet (by your leane) a wonder much more rare,
And more stupēdious hath the world than you:
For how you make all wonders yeeld and bow,
Is easily knowne. Your powers doe berthe,
And being taken frō vertue of a woman faire.
O woman gift of the high heavenly skie,
Or rather his who did their spangled gowne
So gorgeous make unto our mortall eye:
What hath it which a womans beantie push not
downe,
In his vast brow a monstrous Cyclop like,
It onely one eye hath,
Which to beholding gazers giues no light,
But rather doth with terrour blindnes strike:
If it doe sigh or speake, tis like the wrath
Of an enraged Lion, that would fight:
And not the skies alone, but even poore fields,
Are blasted wth the flames his lightning wieldes
VWhilst thou with lampes most sweet,
And with an amorous angelike light
Of two Sunnes visible that never meet,
Dost alwaies the tempestuous troubled spright
Of thy beholder quiet and delight:
Sound, motion, light, that beauty doth assume,
Stare,

The faithfull Shepheard.

State, daistinesse, and value, doe aright
Mixe such a harmonie in that faire sight,
That skies themselves with vanitie presume,
If lesse than paradise those skies doe shine
To Paragon with thee (thing most diuine)
Good reason hath that soveraign creature (nam'd
A Man) to whom all mortall things doe bow,
If thee beholding, higher cause allow
And yeeld to bee.

What though he rule and triumph truly fam'd,
It is not for high powers more worth doe see
In him than is in thee,

Either of scepter or of victorie,
But to make thee farre more glorious stand,
Because the Conquerour thou dost command:
And so't must be, for mans humanitie
Is subiect still to beauties deitie.

Who will not trust this, but contrary saith,
Let him behold Mirtillo's wondrous faith:
Yet Woman to thy worth this is a staine,
Lone is made lone so hopelesly and vaine.

An end of the third Act.

ACT.

The faithfull Shepheard.

ACT. 4. SCEN. 1.

Corisca.

SO fixed was my heart and whole intent
In bringing of this Deere unto the bow,
That I forgotten had my dearest hayre
That brutish villaine robd mee of : Oh how I
griev'd,

With such a price to purchase mine escape :
But t'was of force to get out of the hands
Of that same senselesse beast, who though he haue
Lesse heart than any conny hath, yet might he doe
Me many injuries and many scornes.
I alwaies him despisd : whilst he had bloud
In any of his veines (like a Horse-leach)
I suckt him still : Now doth it grieue him that
I haue giv'n o're to loue him still ; just cause he had.
If one could loue a most unlouely Beast,
Like hearbes that earst were got for wholesome use,
The iuyce drawne out, they rest unprofitable,
And like a stinking thing we them despise :
So him, (when I had what so ere was good suckt out
From him) how should I use, but throw the saplesse
trunke

Vnto the dunghill heape ? Now will I see
If *Coridon* be gotten close into the Caue.
What newes is this I see ? Sleepe I or do I wake ?
I am assur'd this Caues mouth erst was ope,
How close tis shut ? How is this ancient Stone ?
Rould downe ? was it an Earthquake since.

Yet

The faithfull Shepheard.

Yet would I know if *Coriden* were there
With *Amarillis*, then car'd I little for the rest.
Certaine hee's there, for tis a good while since
Lifetta gaue him word. Who knowes the contrary?
T'may be *Mirrillo* mooued with disdainē,
Hath done this deed, hee, had hee but my minde,
Could onely haue perform'd this rare exployte.
Well by the mountaines way will I go see,
And learne the troth of all how it hath past.

ACT. 4. SCEN. 2.

Dorinda, Linco.

L *Inco*, I am assur'd thou knowst me not.
Lin. Who would haue thought that in these
rusty rags

Gentle *Dorinda* had been ever hid.
VVere I some Dogge, as I but *Linco* am,
Vnto thy cost I should thee know too well,
What do I see?

Dor. Linco, Thou seest great loue,
VVorking effectes both strange and miserable.

Lin. One like thy selfe, so soft, so tender yet,
That wer't but now (as one would say) a babe,
And still me thinkes it was but yesterday
Since in mine armes I had thee little wretch,
Ruling thy tender cryes, and taught thee too
To call thy Father Dad, thy Mother Mamme:
VVhen in your house I was a Servant hir'd,
Thou that so like a fearefull Doe wa't wont

To

The faithfull Shepheard.

To feare each thing before thou feltst this Loue,
Why, on a sudden thee would feare each blast,
Each Bird that stirr'd a bush, each Mousse that
from

Her hoale did runne, each lease would make thee
start,

Now wandrest all alone by hills, by woods,
Fearing no beast that haunts the Forrests wilde?

Dor. VVounded with Loue, who feares ano-
ther hurt?

Lin. Loue had great power, that could not onely
thee
Into a Man, but to a Wolfe transforme.

Dorin. O *Linco*, could'st thou but see heere with-
in,

There should'st thou see a living Wolfe devour
My wretched soule like to a harmelesse lambe.

Lin. And who's that wolfe? *Silvio*?

Dor. Ah, thou hast said.

Lin. Thou, for hee is a Wolfe, hast chang'd thy
selfe
Into a Wolfe, because no humane looks
Could mooue his loue, perhaps these beasts yet
mought.

But tell mee, where hadd'st thou these cloathes so
ragg'd?

Dor. Ile tell thee true, to day I went betime
There where I heard that *Silvio* did intend
A noble hunting to the savage Boare,
At *Erimanthus* foot, where *Elicet*
Puts up his head, not farre off from the lawnd,
That from the hill is sever'd by discent,
I found *Metampo* my faire *Silviger* dogge,

Whole

The faithfull Shepherd.

VVhose thirst, I thinke, had drawne him to that place:

I that each thing of *Silvio* held full deare,
Shade of his shape, and footsteps of his feet,
Much more the Dogge which hee so dearely lov'd,
Him straightway tooke, and hee without adoe
Like to some gentle Cade, came quietly with me.
Now whilst I cast this Dog to reconvey
Home to his Lord and mine, hoping to make
A conquest of his loue by gift so deare,
Behold, he comes seeking his footsteps out,
And here hee stayer. Deare *Linc*, I will not
Loose further time in telling every thing
That twixt us past; but briefly to dispatch,
After a heape of fained vowes and words,
The cruell Boy fled from mee straight away
In irefull mood with his thrice-happy Dogge,
And with my deare and sweetest sweet reward.

Linc. O desperate *Silvio*! Oh cruell boy!
VVhat didst thou then? Disdayn'dst thou not his deed?

Dor As if the heat of his disdain had been
Of loue unto my heart the greatest fire,
So by his rage increased my desire:
Yet still pursuing him unto the chace,
Keeping my broken way, I *Lupus* met;
Heere thought I good with him to change my
cloathes,
And in this servile habite me to hide,
That mongst the swaines I for a swaine might passe,
And at my pleasure see my *Silvio*.

Linc. VVen't thou to hunt in likenesse of a Wolfe,

Scene

The faithfull Shepheard.

Scene by the Dogges, and yet returned'st safe?
Dorinda, thou hast done enough.

Dor. Linco,

No wonder t'is, the Dogges could do no harme
Vnto their Maisters preordeyned prey.

There stood I by the toyles amongst a sort
Of neighbour Shepheards, come to see the sport,
Rather to see the huntsman than the game.

At every motion of the savadge Beast

My heart did quake: At each of *Silvies* actes

My soule stept out, push't on with all her will:

But my chiefe hope the fearefull sight disturb'd,

Of that immesurable Boare in force,

Like as the rav'nous strenth of sodaine storme

In little time brings trees and rocks to ground:

So by his tuskes bedew'd with bloud and foame,

We see Dogges slaine, Staues broke, and wounded
men.

How many times did my poore blood desire

For *Silvies* bloud to combat with the Boare.

How often times would I haue stept to make

My brest a buckler for my *Silvies* brest,

How often sayd I in my selfe, excuse,

Excuse the daintie lap of my deare loue:

So to my selfe spake I with praying sighes,

Whilst hee his Dogge all arm'd with hardened
skin,

Letsloose against the Beast, who waxed proud

Of having made a wretched quarries sight

Of wounded Shepheardes and Dogges slaine out-
right:

Linco, I cannot tell this Dogges great worth,
And *Silvio* loues him not without good cause.

Looke

The faithfull Shepherd.

Looke how an angry Lyon entertaines
The poynted hornes of some undaunted Bull,
Sometime with force, sometime with policie,
And fastens at the last his mighty pawes
So on his backe as no power can remov't:
So strong *Melamp'* avoyding craftily
The Boares swift strokes and mortall wounding
blowes,

At last taints on his eare, which first he shakes,
And afterward so firmly him he holdes,
As his vast sides might wounded be at ease:
The dismall token of a deadly stroke.

Then *Silvio* invoking *Phœbes* name,
Direct this blow (sayd he) and here I vow
To sacrifice to thee his gastly head.

This sayd, from out his quiver of pure gold,
He takes a speedy shaft, and to his eare
He drawes his mighty Bow, and straight the Boare
Betweene his necke and shoulder wounded, dyes:

I free'd a sigh, seeing my *Silvio* safe.
Oh happy beast that might'st thy life so leaue,
By him that hearts from humane beasts doth reauce.

Lin. But what became of that same fearefull
beast?

Dor. I do not know, because I came away
For feare of being scene: But I belecue
That solemnly they meane to carry it
Vnto the Vemple, as my *Silvio* vow'd.

Lin. And meane you not to change these rusty
cloathes?

Dor. Yes wis full faine, but *Lupine* hath my gown,
And promised t'attend me at this Spring,
But him I misse: deare *Linco* if thou lou'st me

The faithfull Shepheard.

Goe seeke him in these woods, he is not farre,
I'll rest me in the meane time by this Den,
For wearinesse makes me to sleepe desire,
Nor would I home returne in this attire.

Lin. I go, and stirre not you till I returne.

ACT. 4. SCEN. 3.

Chorus, Ergasto.

Shepheards, haue you not heard our Demi-God
Montanus worthy sonne, of *Hercules* discent,
Hath slaine the dreadfull Boare, that did infest
All *Arcady*, and now he doth prepare
To satisfie his Vowes, if we will thankfull be
For such a benefit, lets go and meete him,
And giue him all the reverence that we can.

Er. Oh dolefull fortune! Oh most bitter chance!
Immedicable wound! Oh mournefull day!

Cho. What voyce of horror and of plaint heare
wee?

Erg. Starres foe-men to our good, thus mocke
you us?

Did you so high our hopes lift up, that with
Their fall you might us plague the more?

Cho. This seemes *Ergasto*, and 't is surely hee.

Erg. Why do I Starres accuse, accuse thy selfe,
That brought'st the Yron to loves Anvile so,
Thou didst it strike, thou mad'st the sparkes flye out
From whence this fire growes so unquenchable:
But heavens do know my pittie brought me to't.
Oh haplesse lovers, wretched *Amarillis*,
Vnfortunate *Titirus*, childlesse father,

The faithfull Shepherd.

Sad *Montanus*, desolate *Arcadia* :

Oh miserable we ; and to conclude,

All that I see , speake , heare , or thinke , most miserable.

Cho. What wretched accident is this that doth
 containe

So many miseries ? Gow' Shepherds Go'w,

Lets meete with him : Eternall heavenly powers,

Will not your rage yet cease ? Speake good *Ergasto*,

What lamentable chance is this thou plainst ?

Erg. Deare friends , I plaine as all the ruine of
 Arcadia.

Cho. What's this ?

Erg. The prop of all our hopes is downe.

Cho. Ah speake more plaine.

Erg. Daughter of *Titirus* ,

The onely branch of her decaying stocke ;

Hope of our health, which to *Montanus* sonne,

Was by the heavens promist and destinied,

Whose marriage should haue freed *Arcadia*,

Wife *Amarillis*, Nymph celestiall,

Patterne of honour, flowre of chastitie :

My heart will not give me leaue to speake.

Cho. Why, is she dead ?

Erg. Nay doom'd to death.

Cho. Ay me, what's this.

Erg. Nay worse, with infamie.

Cho. *Amarillis* infamous.

Erg. Found with the adult'rer, and if hence ye go
 not soone,

Ye may her see led captive to the Temple.

Cho. Oh rare ! but wicked , valure of this female
 sexe,

The faithfull Shepheard.

Oh chastitie, how singular thou art,
Scarce can a man say any woman's chaste,
Saue she that none was try'd; unhappy age!
But curteous shepheard tell us how it was?

Erg. This day betime you know *Montanus*
came,

With th'haplesse father of the wretched Nymph,
Both by one selfe devotion led, which was
By pray'rs, to haste the marriage to good end:
For this the Sacrifices offred were,
Which solemnely perform'd with good aspects:
For never were there scene intrailes more faire,
Nor flames more bright, by which the blind Di-
vine

Mooved, did to *Montanus* say: This day
With *Amarillis* shall your sonne be wed:
Goe quickly and prepare the marriage feast.
Oh blindly done, blind Prophets to belecue;
The fathers and the standers by were glad,
And wept, their heartes made tender with this
joy.

Titius was no sooner gone, but straight wee
heard

And saw unhappy fearefull signes, the messen-
gers

Of sacred ire: at which so sodaine and so fierce,
Each stood amaz'd, the Priestes inclosed were
Within the greater Cloysture, we without,
Weeping were saying holy pray'res, when loe
The wicked *Satyre* audience earnest craues
Of the chiefe Priest: and for this was my charge,
I let him in, to whom he thus begins.

Fathers, if to your Vowes the Incense and

The faithfull Shepheard.

The Sacrifices be not answerable,
If on your Altars purely burne no flames,
Wonder not, for in *Ericinaes* Caue,
A treacherous Nymph prophanes your holy Lawes :
And in adultery her fayth doth breake.
Come Ministers with mee , wee'le take in the
fact.

A while th'unhappy father breathes, thinking
he had

Found out the cause of this so dismall signes,
Straight hee commandes chiefe Minister *Nicander*
goe

With that same *Satyre*, and captiv'd to bring
Them to the Temple both: him straight accompa-
nied

With all our troope of under Ministers,
The *Satyre* by a darke and crooked way,
Conducts into the Caue : the young-man scar'd.
With our torch-light, so sodainely assail'd :
Assayes to fly unto that outward issue,
But it the *Satyre* closed hath too fast.

Cho. What did you then ?

Erg. I cannot tell you how
Amaz'd we were, to see her that we taken had,
To be *Titirus* daughter, whom no sooner we
Had layd hold on, but out *Mirrillo* stept,
And throwes his Dart , thinking to wound *Ni-*
cander :

And had the steele hit as he did direct,
Nicander had beene flaine : but shrinking backe,
Whether by chance or wit, he shun'd the harme :
But the strong Dart pierced his hayrie cloathes,
And there stucke fast, *Mirrillo* not being able

The faithfull Shepheard.

It to recover, captive taken was.

Cho. What's come of him?

Erg. He by another way is led.

Cho. What shall he do?

Erg. To get more out of him,
Besides, perhaps he shall not skotfree scape,
For having so offended our high Priest,
Yet would I could haue comforted the wretch.

Cho. Why could you not?

Erg. Because the law forbids
Vs under-Ministers to speake with guilty folkes:
For this I came about, and left the rest,
Provoking heavens with teares and prayers devout,
To turne away this dreadfull storme from us:
And so pray yee, and therewithall farewell.

Cho. So shall we do, had we but once performed
Our duety unto *Silvio*, eternall Gods
In pittie, not in fury, shew your selues supreamc.

ACT. 4. SCEN. 4.

Corisca.

NOW Crowne my temples with triumphant
Bayes,
Victorious temples, this day happily
I combated haue in the field of Loue,
And vanquished: this day both heaven and earth,
Nature and Art, Fortune and Destiny,
Both friends and enemies haue fought for mee,
The wicked *Satyre* whom I hated so,
Hath helpt me much: for it was better that
Mirtillo should than *Coridon* be ra'ne,

To

The faithfull Shepheard.

To make her fault more likely and more ill :
What though *Mirtillo* taken be, hee'le soonc be free,
To her alone the punishment is due.
O solemne victorie, Oh famous triumph,
Dresse me a Trophee, amorous deceites,
You in this tongue, in this same precious brest
Are about Nature most omnipotent.
Why stay I now ? t'is time for me to go;
Vntill the Law haue jugd'd my rivall dead,
Perhaps the Priest may draw the troth from mee :
Fly then *Corisca*, danger t'is to ly,
For them that haue no feete wherewith to fly :
I'll hide me in these woods untill I may
Returne t' enjoy my joyes : happy *Corisca*,
Who ever saw a braver enterprise ?

ACT. 4. SCENE. 5.

Nicander, Amarillis.

HEe had a heart most hard, or rather had
No heart at all, nor any humane sense,
That did not pittie thee poore wretched Nymph,
And felt no sorrow for thy miserie :
Onely to see a Damsell captivate,
Of heavenly countenance and so sweet a face,
Worthy the world should to thee consecrate
Temples and Sacrifices, led to the Temple
For a Sacrifice, surely t'were a thing
That with dry eyes I thinke none could behold :
But who knowes how and wherefore thou wert
borne ?

Titirus daughter, *Montanus* daughter in law,

F 4

That

The faithfull Shepherd.

That should haue beene, and that these two are they
Which do uphold *Arcadia*, and that thy selfe
A dainty *Nymph*, so faire of forme,
The naturall confines of this thy life,
Approachest now so neere the boundes of death :
Hee that knowes this, and doth not plaine the
same,

Hee is no man, but beast in humane shape.

Amo. If that my fault did cause my wretched-
nesse,

Or that my thoughts were wicked, as thou thinkst
My deed, lesse grievous would my death be then :
For it were just my blood should wash the spots
Of my defiled soule, heavens rage appease,
And humane justice justly satisfie,
Then could I quiet my afflicted sprights,
And with a just remorse of well-deserved death,
My senses mortifie, and come to death :
And with a quiet blow passe forth perhaps
Vnto a life of more tranquillitie :
But too too much *Nicander* too much griev'd
I am, in so young yeares, Fortune so hie,
An Innocent, I should be doom'd to die.

Nic. Ah pleas'd it heavens we had gainst thee
effended,

Not thou offended gainst the heavenly powers :
For we alas with greater ease might haue
Restor'd thee to thy violated name,
Than thou appeas'd their violated powers :
But I see not who thee offended hath,
Saving thy selfe. Tell me ? wert thou not found
In a close place with the Adulterer, alone
With him alone ? Wert thou not promised

Vnto

The faithfull Shepherd.

*Vnto Montanus sonne ? Hast thou not broke thy
faith ?*

How art thou innocent ?

Ama. I haue not broke
The law, and I am innocent.

Nic. Thou hast not broke
The law of Nature happely (*Loue if thou likest*)
But humane law and heavens thou hast transgress,
(*Loue lawfully.*)

Ama. Both heavens and men haue er'd to me,
If it be true that thence our haps do come:

For is it reason in my destinie,
I beare the paine that's due to other's faults ?

Nic. Peace Nymph, hold still thy tongue in wil-
full rage

Let loose, doe not condemne the Starres, for wee
Our selues procure us all our misery.

Ama. I none accuse in heaven, but my ill fates.
And worse then them is thee, that me deceiv'd.

Nic. Then blame thy selfe, that hast deceiv'd
thy selfe.

Ama. I was deceiv'd, but by anothers fraude.

Nic. T'is no deceite, to whom deceite is deare.

Ama. Then you I see condemne me for unchast ?

Nic. I say not so, aske but your deedes they'le tell.

Ama. Deedes often are false tokens of the heart.

Nic. The deedes we see, we cannot see the heart.

Ama. See what you will, I'am sure my heart is
cleare.

Nic. What led you then into the Caue alone ?

Ama. Simplicitie, and my too much believe.

Nic. Trust you your Chastitie unto your Loue ?

Ama. I trusted my false friend, and not my loue.

The faithfull Shepheard.

Nic. What friend was that, your amorous desire?

Ama. *Orminoes* sister, who hath me betrayde.

Nic. Sweete trechery, to fall into your loue.

Ama. I knew not of *Mirtilloes* comming I.

Nic. Why did you enter then? and to what end?

Ama. Let it suffice, not for *Mirtilloes* sake.

Nic. You are condemn'd except y'haue better prooffe.

Ama. Let her be asked of my innocency.

Nic. What she, that was the occasion of your fault?

Ama. Shee that betray'd mee, will you not her beleue?

Nic. What faith hath she that was so faithlesse then?

Ama. I by our Goddesse *Cynthiaes* name will sweare.

Nic. Thy deedes haue mar'd the credite of thine oath:

Nymph, to be plaine, these are but dreames, and waues

Of muddy water cannot wash cleane, nor guiltie hearts

Speake troth, thou should'st haue kept thy chastitie

As dearely as the apple of thine eye.

Ama. And must I then thus (good *Nicander*) die?

Shall none me heare, nor none my cause defend?

Thus left of all, depriv'd of every hope,

Onely accompanied with an extreame

Vnhappy

The faithfull Shepheard.

Unhappy Funerall pittie that not helps mee.

Nic. Nymph be content, and since thou wert so fond

In sinning, bee more wise in suffering punishment:

Direct thine eyes to heav'n, thence art thou come,

And thence doth come all good or ill that haps,

As from a Fountaine doth a streame descend:

And though to us it ill do seeme, as ev'ry good

Is mingled with some ill, yet there 'tis good.

Great Ioue doth know to whom all thoughts are knowne,

So doth our Goddesse whom we worship heere,

How much I grieue for thee: and if I haue

Pierc't with my words thy soule, like a Physician I

Haue done, who searcheth first the wound

Where it suspected is: be quiet then

Good *Nymph*, and do not contradict that which

Is writ in heav'n aboue of thee.

Ama. O cruell sentence, whether writ in heav'n

Or earth? In heav'n it is not writ,

For there mine innocency is knowne: but what

Auailes it since I needes must dye? Ah too too hard,

And too too bitter cup. Ah good *Nicander*,

For pittie sake make not such hast with mee

Vnto the Temple! stay, Oh stay a little while!

Nic. O *Nymph*, to whom death is so grievous now,

Each moment seemes a death, it is thine ill to stay:

Death hath not so much harme, as feare thereof;

Thou sooner dead, thy paine is sooner past.

Ama. Some helpe may come, deare father: father now

Do

The faithfull Shepheard.

Dost thou leaue me, now leaue thine onely child?

Wilt thou not helpe me yet before I die?

Doe not deny me yet thy latest kisse:

One blade shall wound both breasts, and out of
mine

Thy blood must streame. Oh father! Oh sweete
name!

Sometime so deare which I ne're call'd in vaine,

Make you your onely daughters marriage thus,

A mornings Bride, an evening Sacrifice?

Nic. Nymph, Do not thus torment thy selfe and
me,

T'is time I lead you to the Temple now,

My duty t'is, I may not slacke it so.

Ama. Deare woods farewell, my dearest woods
farewell,

Receiue my latest fighes untill my soule

By cruell wound from this my body free,

Returne to seeke your loved shadowes out:

For Innocents cannot be doom'd to hell,

Nor mongst the blessed can despayrers dwell.

O *Mirtillo*, wretched was that day

That first I saw thee, and thy sight did please,

Since I my life must leaue, more deare to thee

Than thine, which prooves the occasion of my death.

Wilt thou belecue that she is doom'd to death

For thee, that cruell ever was to thee,

To keepe me innocent? For me too bold,

For thee too little daring was my will: how ever
t'was,

I faultlesse die, fruitlesse, and without thee

My deare I die, my deare *Mirtillo*.

Mirt. Surely thee

The faithfull Shepheard.

Is dead, and in *Mirtilloes* loved name her life
Hath finished : her loue and griefe the blade
Prevented hath : come helpe to hold her up,
Shee liveth yet, I feele her heart doth throb :
Carry her to the Fountaine here hard by,
Fresh water may restore her stonied sprights.
But were it not a deed of pittie now,
To let her die of griefe, and shun the blade :
No let us rather succout now her life,
Wee do not know what heav'ns will do with her.

ACT. 4. SCENE. 6.

*Chorus of Huntsmen. Chorus of Shep-
beards with Silvio.*

Chor. Hunt.

O Glorious child of great *Alcides* race,
That monsters kilt, and wild-beasts dost deface.
Cho. Shep. O glorious child, who *Erimantus*
Boare

Hast overthrowne, unconquerable thought :
Behold his head that seemes to breath out death,
This is the Trophee of our Demi-God,
Helpe Shepheards helpe, to celebrate his name,
And with solemnity his deedes to grace.

Chor. Hunt. O glorious child of great *Alcides*
race,

That Monsters kilt, and wild-beasts dost deface.

Chor. Shep. O glorious child, by whom the fer-
tile plaines

Depriv'd of tillage, haue their good regain'd :

Now

The faithfull Shepheard.

Now may the Plough man goe securely, and
Sow both his Seed, and reape his Harvest in :
These ugly teeth can now no more them chace.

Cho. Hunt. O glorious child of great *Alcides*
race,

That monsters kilst, and wilde Beastes dost deface.

Cho. Shep. Oh glorious child, how thou dost couple still

Pitty with fortitude. *Cynthia* behold

Thy humble *Silvies* vow ; behold this head,

That heere and heere in thy despight is arm'd

With white and crooked tuskes , envying thy
hornes.

Thou puissant Goddesse, since thou did'st direct

His shaft : the price of his great victory

Is due to thee : hee famous by thy grace.

Cho. Hunt. O glorious child of great *Alcides* race,
That monsters kilst, and wild Beasts dost deface.

ACT. 4. SCEN. 7.

Coridon.

VNtill this time I never durst beleue,
That which the *Satyre* of *Corisca* said,
Imagining his tale had beene but forg'd,
Maliciously to worke me injurie,
Farre from the troth it seem'd to mee, that place,
Where she appoynted I with her should meete,
(If that be true which was on her behalfe,
Deliverd me by young *Liseita* late)
Should bee the place to take th'Aultrier in :
But see, a signe that may confirme the same,

Ev'n

The faithfull Shepheard.

Ev'n as hee told mee, so it is indeed.
Oh what a Stone is this, which shuts up thus
The huge mouth of this Caue? Oh *Corisca*,
All in good time I have found out your guiles,
Which after so long use, at last returne
With damage to your selfe. So many lies,
So many trecheries, must needs presage
Some mortall disadventure at the least,
To him that was not mad, or blind with loue:
T'was good for me I stayde away so long,
Great fortune that my father me detain'd
So with a tedious stay, as then me thought,
Had I kept time but as *Lisetta* bad,
Surely some strange adventure had I had.
What shall I doe? shall I attir'd with spleene,
Seeke with outrageous fury for revenge?
Fie no, I honour her too much: so bee
The ease with reason weigh'd, it rather would
Haue pitty and compassion, than revenge.
And shall I pitty her, that me betrays?
Shee rather doth betray her selfe, that thus
Abandons mee, whose faith to her was pure,
And giue her selfe in prey
To a poore Shepheard stranger vagabond,
That shall to morrow bee more perfidious than
shee.
Should I according to the *Satyres* counsell, her
accuse,
Of the faith broken which to me shee swore:
Then must shee dye: My heart's not halfe so
base,
Let her then liue for mee: or to say better,
Let her dye unto mee, and liue unto others:

Liue

The faithfull Shepheard.

Liue to her shame, liue to her infamy ;
Since she is such, she never can in me
Kindle one sparke of fearefull ieaiousie.

ACT. 4. SCEN. 8.

Silvio.

O Goddesse, that no Goddesse art, but of
An idle people, blinde and vaine : who with
Impurest mindes and fond Religion,
Hallowes the Altars and great Temples too.
What, said I Temples ? wicked Theaters
Of beastly deedes, to colour their dishonest aetes
With titles of thy famous Deity,
Because thy shames in others shames made lesse,
Let loose the raines of their lasciuiousnesse.
Thou foe to Reason, plotter of misdeedes,
Corrupter to our soules, calamitie
To the whole world ; thou daughter of the Sea,
And of that treacherous monster rightly borne,
That with the breath of hope dost first intice
These humane breastes , but afterward dost
mooue
A thousand stormes of sighes, of teares, of plaints :
Thou mayst be better call'd Mother of Tempests
and
Of rage, than Mother of Loue ;
To what a misery hast thou throwne downe
Those wretched Lovers ? now mayst thou vaunt
thy selfe.

To

The faithfull Shepheard.

To be omnipotent, if thou canst saue
That poore Nymphs life, whom with thy snares
thou hast

Conducted to this miserable death.

O happy day I hallow'd my chaste minde

To thee my onely Goddesse *Cynthia*,

Such power on earth to soules of better sort,

As thou art light in heav'n about the Starres.

Much better are those studious practices

Than those which *Venus* unchaste servants use :

Thy servants kill both Beares and ugly Boares,

Her servants are of Beares and Boares still slaine.

Oh Bow and matchlesse Shaftes, my power and
my delight,

Vaine fantastique Loue, come prooue thine armes,

Effeminate with mine : but fie, too much

I honour thee poore weake and wreckling child,

And for thou shalt me heare, I'll speake aloud.

A rod to chastise thee will be inough.

Ecc. ynough.

What art thou *Eecho* that so sounds againe ?

Or rather Loue, that answerest loudly so ?

Ecc. y so.

I could haue wisht no better match ; but tell

Me then, art thou (by heaven) hee.

Ecc. even hee.

The sonne of her that for *Adonis* did

So miserably burne, in whom nought good is.

Ecc. Goddesse.

A Goddesse ? no, the Concubine of *Mars*,

I whom laciviousnesse doth wholly lye.

Ecc. wholly a lye.

O fine, thy tongue doth clacke against the winde,

Wilt

The faithfull Shepheard.

Wilt thou come forth ? thou doest but darkly dart,
Ecc. y dare,
I held thee for a coward still, art thou a bastard ? or
Dost thou that title brauely scorne?

Ecc. y scorne.
O God, then art thou *Vulcanes* sonne, by that
Lame Smith begot.

Ecc. God.
A God ? of what ? of winds, mad with base mirth
Ecc. earth.

God of the earth ? makes thou thy foes to rue ?
Ecc. t'rue.

With what dost thou still punish those that strue,
And obstinately do contend with Loue ?
Ecc. with Loue.

Nay soft, when shall crook't loue (tell me good foole)
Enter my brest ? I warrant t'is too straight.
Ecc. straight.

What, shall I fall in loue so sodainely ?
Ecc. sodainely.

What is her name that I must then adore ?
Ecc. Dore.

Dorinda foole, thou canst not speake out yet,
But dost not thou meane her ?
Ecc. ee'ne her.

Dorinda whom I hate, but who shall force my will ?
Ecc. I will.

What weapons wilt thou use ? perhaps thy bow,
Ecc. thy Bow.

My Bow ? not till it bee by thy lewd folly broken,
Ecc. broken.

My broken armes incounter me, and who
Shall breake them ? thou ?
Ecc. thou.
Fie,

The faithfull Shepheard.

Fie he thou'rt drunke, goe sleepe, goe sleepe: but
stay,

These marvailles must be done: but where?

Ecc. heere.

O foole, and I am gone, how thou art loaden
with

Wit-robbing Grapes that grew upon the Vine.

Ecc. Divine.

But soft, I see, or else me thinkes I see

Something that's like a Woolfe in yonder Groue.

T'is sure a Woolfe: How monstrous great it is.

This day for me is destinied to prayse:

Good Goddesse, with great favours dost thou shew

To triumph in one day over two Beastes:

In thy great name, I loose this shaft, the swiftest
and

The sharpest which my Quiver holdes.

Great Archeresse direct thou my right hand,

And here I vow to sacrifice the spoyle

Vnto thy name. O daintie blow, blow false

Ev'n where my hand and eye it destinyed.

Ah that I had my dart, it to dispatch,

Before it get into the woods away.

But heere be Stones, what need I any else?

Heere's scarcely one, I need none now: here is

Another Shaft will pierce it to the quicke.

What's this I see? unhappy *Silvio*?

I haue shot a Shepheard in a wolvishe shape.

O bitter chance! O ever miserable!

Mee thinkes I know the wretch, t'is *Linco* that

Doth hold him up. Oh deadly shaft! Oh most

Vnhappy Vow! I guiltie of anothers blood?

I thus the causer of anothers death?

I that

The faithfull Shepheard.

I that haue beene so liberall of my life;
So large a spender of my bloud for others health?
So, cast away thy weapons, and go liue
All gloriously. But see where he doth come,
A great deale lesse unhappy than thy selfe.

A C T. 4. S C E N. 9.

Linco, Silvio, Dorinda.

L Eane thou thy selfe (my Daughter) on this arme.
Vnfortunate *Dorinda*.

Sil. O mee! *Dorinda*? I am dead.

Dor. O *Linco Linco*, Oh my second father!

Sil. It is *Dorinda* sure: Ah voyce, ah sight.

Dor. *Dorinda* to sustaine, *Linco* hath beene
A fatall office unto thee: thou heardst
The first cries that I ever gaue on earth,
And thou shalt heare the latest of my death:
And these thine Armes, that were my Cradle
once,

Shall be my Coffin now.

Lin. O child more deare
Than if thou wert mine owne. I cannot speake,
Griefe hath my words dissolved into teares.

Sil. Oh earth hold ope thy jawes and swallow
mee.

Dor. Oh stay both pace and plaint (good *Linco*)
for

The one my griefe, my wound the other doth
increase.

Sil. Oh what a hard reward most wretched *Nymph*,
Hast

The faithfull Shepheard.

Hast thou received for thy wondrous loue ?

Lin. Be of good cheere thy wound not mortall is,

Dor. I but *Dorinda* mortall will be quickly dead:
But dost thou know who t's hath wounded me ?

Lin. Let us care for the fore, not for the
offence,

For never did revenge yet heale a wound.

Sil. Why stay I still? shal I stay whilst they see me?

Haue I so bold a face ? Fly *Silvio* fly

The punishment of that revengefull sight,

Fly the just edge of her sharpe cutting voice:

I cannot fly, fatall necessity doth hold

Me heare, and makes me seeke whom most

I ought to shun.

Dor. Why *Linco*, must I die

Not knowing who hath given me my death ?

Lin. It *Silvio* is.

Dor. I't so ?

Lin. I know his shaft.

Dor. Oh happy issue of my liues last end,

If I be slaine by such a louely friend.

Lin. See where hee is, with countenance him
accusing.

Now heavens be prayd, y'are at good passe.

With this your bow and shafts omnipotent,

Hast thou not like a cunning wood-man shot ?

Tell me, thou that of *Silvio* liv'st ; was it not I

That shot this dainty shoote ? Oh boy to wise,

Hadst thou beleeu'd this foolish aged man,

Had it not better beene ? Answere me wretch.

What can thy life be worth, if shee doe die ?

I know thou'lt say thou thoughtst t'haue shot a woolef

As though it were no fault to shoote.

Nor

The faithfull Shepheard.

Not knowing (carelesse wandring child) if 'twere
A man or beast thou shor'st at: what Heardman,
or

What Ploughman doest thou see attir'd in other
cloathes?

Ah *Silvio*, *Silvio*, who ever soweth wit so greene,
Doth ever reape ripe fruit of ignorance.

Thinke you (vaine Boy) this chance by chance did
come?

Never without the powers divine did such like hap-
pen:

Heaven is inrag'd at your supportlesse spight,
To loue and deepe despising so humane affects.

Gods will not haue companions on the earth,

They are not pleas'd with this austeritie:

Now thou art dumbe, thou wert not wont t'in-
dure.

Dor. Silvio, let *Linco* speake, he doth not know
What sov'raignetie thou o're *Dorinda* hast,

In life and death by the great power of Loue.

If thou hast shot me thou hast shot thine owne:

Thou hit'st the marke that's proper to thy shaft,

These hands that wounded me, haue follow'd
right

The ayme of thy faire eyes. *Silvio*, behold her
whom

Thou hatest so, behold her as thou would'st:

Thou would'st me wounded haue, wounded I
am:

Thou wish't me dead, I ready am for death,

What would'st thou more? What can I giue
thee more?

Ah cruell Boy, thou nevet would'st belceue

The

The faithfull Shepheard.

The wound by thee Loue made, canst thou deny
That which thy hand hath done ? thou never
saw'st

The blood mine eyes did shed ; seest thou this
then,

That gusheth from my side : but if with pittie
now

All gentlenesse and valour be not spent,
Do not deny me cruell soule, I pray,
At my last gaspe, one poore and onely sigh :
Death should be blest, if thou but thus woul'dst
say,

Go rest in peace poore soule, I humbly pray.

Sil. Ah my *Dorinda*, shall I call thee mine,
That art not mine, but when I thee must loose :
And when thou hast thy death received by mee,
Not when I might haue given thee thy life :
Yet will I call thee mine, that mine shalt bee
Spight of my fortune : and since with thy life
I cannot haue thee, I'le haue thee in death :
All that thou seest in me, is ready for revenge :
I kild thee with these weapons, with the same
I'le kill my selfe : I cruell was to thee,
I now desire nothing but cruelty.
I proudly thee despis'd, upon my knees
I humbly thee adore, and pardon craue :
But not my life. Behold my Bow, my Shafts.
Wound not mine eyes or hands, th'are innocent :
But wound my brest, monster to pittie, foe
To loue : wound me this heart, that cruell was
To thee : behold my brest is bare.

Dor. Silvio, I wound that brest ? thou had'st not
need

Let

The faithfull Shepheard.

Let it be naked to mine eyes, if thou desir'dst
I should it wound. O dainty beauteous rocke,
So often beaten by the waues and windes
Of my poore teares and sighes in vaine: and is it
true,

Thou pittie feel'st, or am I wretch but mockt?
I would not this same Alabaster skin
Should me deceiue, as this poore Beasts hath thee.
I wound thy brest? 'tis well Loue durst do so.
I aske no more revenge than thou shouldst loue.
Blest be the day wherein I first did burne,
Blest be my teares and all my martirdomes:
I wish thy prayse and no revenge of thee.
But curteous *Silvio*, that dost kneele to her,
Whose Lord thou art; since me thou needes wilt
serue,

Let thy first service be, to rise when I thee bid:
The second, that thou liv'st: for me, let heavens
Worke their will; in thee my heart will liue:
As long as thou dost liue, I cannot die.
But if it seeme unjust my wound should be
Vnpunished, then breake this cruell bow,
Let that be all the malice thou dost show.

Sil. Oh curteous doome: and so't shall be,
Thou deadly wood shalt pay the price of others life,
Behold, I breake thee, and I render thee
Vnto the woodes, a trunke unprofitable:
And you my shaftes that pierced haue the side
Of my faire Loue, because you brothers bee
I put you both together, and deliver you,
Roddes arm'd in vaine, and vainely feathered.
T'was true loue told me late in *Ecchoes* voyce.
O powerfull tamer both of Gods and men:

Late

The faithfull Shepheard.

Late enemy, now Lord of all my thoughts,
If thou esteem'st it glory to haue molified
A proud obdurate heart Defend me from
The fatall stroke of death? one onely blow
Killing *Dorinda*, will me with her kill:
So cruell death, if cruell death she proue,
Will triumph over thee, triumphant loue.

Lin. So wounded both, yet wounds most fortunate,
Were but *Dorinda's* sound. Let's soone go seeke
Some remedy.

Dor. Do not good *Linco* lead
Me to my fathers house in this attire.

Sil. Shall my *Dorinda* go to other house
Then unto mine? no sure: aliuie or dead
This day I'll marry thee.

Lin. And in good time,
Since *Amarillis* hath lost life and marriage too.
O blessed couple! O eternall Gods!
Giue two their liues, liuing but one her health.

Dor. *Silvio*! weary am, I cannot hold me on
My wounded side.

Sil. Be of good cheere,
Thou shalt a burthen be to us most deare.

Linco giue me thy hand.

Lin. Hold there it is.

Sil. Hold fast, and with our arms wee'll make a
seat

For her. Sit there *Dorinda*, and with thy right hand
Hold *Linco's* necke, and with thy left close
Sottly my heart, for rushing of thy wound.

Dor. O now me thinks I am well.

Sil. *Linco* hold fast.

The faithfull Shepheard.

Lia. Do not you stagger, but go forward right,
This is a better triumph than a head.

Sil. Tell me *Dorinda*, doth thy wound still pricke?

Dor. It doth; but in thine armes my lovely treasure,

I hold ev'n pricking deare, and death a pleasure.

CHORVS.

O Sweete and golden age, when *Milke*
Unto the tender *World* was meate:

Whose cradle was the harmelesse wood,

Their dearer parts, whose grasse like silke,

The flockes unoucht, did joy to eate:

Nor fear'd the world the spoyle of blond,

The troublous thoughts that doe no good

Did not then make a cloudy vaile

To dimme our sunnes eternall light:

Now Reason being shut up quite,

Cloudes doe our wits skies over-haile:

From whence it is strange lands wee seeke
for ease,

Ploughing with huge Oake trees the Ocean
seas.

This bootlesse superstitious voyce,

This subiect profitlesse than vaine,

Of toys, of titles, and of sleight,

Whom the mad world through worthlesse
choyce, Honor

The faithfull Shepheard.

Honor to name doth not disdaine,
Did not with tyranny delight,
To rule our mindes, but to sustaine
Trouble for truth, and for the right
To maintaine faith a firme decree
Amongst us men of each degree,
Desire to doe well was of right:
Care of true Honor, happy to be named,
Who what was lawfull pleasure to us framed.

Then in the pastures grovy shade,
Sweete Carroles and sharpe Madrigales
Were flames unto deare lawfull Lone:
There gentle Nymphs and Shepheards made
Thoughts of their words, and in the dales
Did Hymen joyes and kisses moue,
Farre sweeter and of more behoue,
True lovers onely did enjoy
Loves lizely Roses and sweete flowers,
Whilst wily-craft found alwayes showers,
Showers of sharpe will, and vills annoy:
Were it in woods or caves for quiet rest,
The name of husband still was liked best.
False Wicked World, that courttest still
With thy base mercenary name
The soules chiefe good, and dost intice
To nourish thought of new found will,

The faithfull Shepheard.

With likelihoods restrain'd againe :

Vnbridling ever secret vice,

Like to a Net laid by device

*Among faire Flowers and sweete spread
leaves,*

*Thou cloath'st wilde thoughtes in holy
weedes,*

Esteeming seeming goodnesse, deedes,

By which the life with Art deceines :

*Ner dost thou care (this Honour is thy
aet)*

*What theft it bee, so loue may hide the
fact.*

But thou great Honor, great by right,

Frame famous spirits in our hearts,

Thou true Lord of each Noble brest :

O thou that rulest Kings of might,

Once turne thee into these our parts,

Which wanting thee, cannot be blest :

Make them from out their mortall rest,

With mighty and with powerfull stings,

Who by a base unworthy will

Haue left to worke thy pleasure still,

And left the worth of antique things :

Let's hope our ills a truce will one day take,

And let our hopes not waver no nor shake :

Let's hope the setting sunne will rise againe,

And

The faithfull Shepheard.

*And that the skies when they most dark appear,
Do draw (though cover'd) after wished cleare.*

An end of the fourth Act.

ACT. 5. SCEN. 1.

Vranio, Carino.

THe place is ever good, where any thrives:
And every place is native to the wise.

Car. True (good *Vranio*) I by prooffe can tell,
That young, did leaue my fathers house, and sought
Strange places out, and now turne home gray hair'd,
That earst departed hence with golden locks:
Yet is our native soyle sweete unto him
That hath his sense: Nature doth make it deare,
Like to the Adamant, whom though the Marriner
Carry far hence, sometime whereas the Sunne
Is borne, and sometime where it dyes; yet still
The hidden vertue wherewith it beholds,
The Northerne Pole it never doth forgoe:
So he that goes farre from his native soyle,
And often times in stranger land doth dwell,
Yet he retaines the loue he to it bore.

O my *Arcadia*, now I greet thy ground,
And welcome good *Vranio*, for t'is meeete
You do partake my joyes, as you haue done my toile.

Vra. I may pertake your toyle but not content,

The faithfull Shepheard

When I remember how farre hence I left
My house and little house should off: well may I rest
My limbes, but well I wot my heart will mone,
Nor saue thy selfe, could any thing haue drawne
Me from *Elidis* now: yet I know not
What cause hath made you travaile to this place.

Car. Thou knowst my deare *Mirrillo*, whom the
heavens

Haue giv'n me: for my sonne came hither sicke,
Heere to get health, according to the Oracle,
Which said onely *Arcadia* could restore it him:
Two monthes he hath beene heere, and I not able to
Abide that stay, went to the Oracle

To know of his returne: which answered thus.
Returne thou to thy Countrey, where thou shalt
Live merrily with thy *Mirrillo* deare:

Heavens haue determined great things of him;
Nor shalt thou laugh but in *Arcadia*.

Thou then my deare companion, merry bee,
Thou hast a share in all my good, nor will
Carino smile, if my *Vranto* grieve.

Vra. All labours that I for *Carino* take,
Haue their reward: but for to shorten the way,
I pray you tell what made you travaile first.

Car. A youthfull loue I unto musicke bore,
And needinesse of forraine fame, disdayning that
Arcadia should me onely prayse, made me
Seek out *Elide* and *Pisa* famous so,
Where I saw glorious *Azon* crown'd with Bayes,
With purple next to vertue evermore;
So that he *Phœbus* seem'd: when I devout
Vnto his power did consecrate my Lute:
Then left I *Pisa*, and to *Micene* went,

And

The faithfull Shepherd.

And afterwards to *Argos*, where I was
At first, adored like a God : but twill be too
Too troublesome to tell the story of my life.
I many fortunes tride, sometime disdained,
Sometime respected like a power divine :
Now rich, then poore ; now downe, then up aloft :
But in the change of place, my fortunes never chang'd,
I learn'd to know and sigh my former libertie :

And leaving *Argos*, I returned to
My homely bowre I in *Elidis* had :
Where (Gods be prays'd) I did *Mirrilla* buy,
Who since, hath comforted all mine annoyes.

- *Via*. Thrice happy they who can containe their
thoughts,
And not through vaine and most immoderate hope,
Leese the sweete tasted fruit of moderate good.

Car. Who would haue thought t'haue waxed
poore in gold.

I thought t'haue found in royall Palaces
People of more humanitie, than heere,
Which is the noble ornament of worthy sprights :
But I (*Vranio*) found the contrary;
People in name and words right curteous,
But in good deedes most scarce, and Pities foes :
People in face gentle and pleasant still ;
But fiercer than th'outragious swelling Sea :
People with countenance all of charitie,
But thorowly covetous, and fraught with Envy ;
The greater shewes they make , the lesse troth
they meane :

That which is vertue o. her where, is there but vices
Vprightest deedes, true loue, pittie sincere,
Inviolable faith of hand and heart,

The faithfull Shepheard.

A life most innocent ; these they esteeme
But cowards still, and men of silly wits :
Follies and vanities, that are ridiculous,
Coosenage, lying, theft, and rapine clad
In holinesse, by others downefalles and their losse,
Rich still to grow, to build their reputation
On others infamy, to lay fine snares
To trap the innocent ; these are the vertues of that
place.

No merit, worth, reverence of age,
Of law, or of degrec, no raines of shame,
Respect of loue or bloud, nor memory
Of any good receiv'd : and to conclude,
Nothing so reverend, pure, or just can be,
That seemes forbidden to these gulfes of pride,
Of honour so ambitious : so covetous
Of getting still. Now I that alwayes liv'd
Vnwarie of their snares, and in my forehead had
All my thoughts written, my heart discovered ;
You well may judge, I was an open marke
To the suspicious shafts of envious folkes.

Vra. What can be happy in that captiue land,
Where Envy ever vertue doth command ?

Car. If since I travailed, my *Muse* had had
As good a cause to laugh as t'had to weepe,
Perhaps my stile would haue beene fit t'haue sung,
The armes, and honours, of my noble Lord,
So that he needed not to haue envyed
The braue *Meonian* trumpet of *Achilles* fame.
I might haue made my countreies browes beene girt
With happy Laurell too : But too inhumane is this
age,
And too unhappy gift of Poetrie.

The

The faithfull Shepheard.

The Swans desire a quiet nest, a gentle ayre,
Pernassus never knew this byting care.
Who quarrels with his faith and fortune still,
His voyce must needes be hoarse, his song but ill :
But now tis time to seeke *Mirtillo* out.
Oh how this countrie's chang'd ! I scarcely know't :
But strangers never want a guide that haue a tongue,
Wee will enquire to the next harbour house,
Where thou thy weary limmes mayst well repose.

ACT. 5. SCEN. 2.

Titirus, Nuntio.

WHich plaine I first (my child) of thee ? thy
life
Or honesty ? Ile plaine thine honesty,
Because thy fire (though mortall) honest was :
And in thy steed my life I'le plaine and spend,
Of thy life and thine honesty to see an end.
O Montanus, onely thou with thy devices
And ill-cund Oracles, and with thy loue,
And proud despiser of my daughter, to this end,
Hast brought my child. Oh doubtfull Oracles,
How vaine you bee ? and honesty gainst loue
In youthfull hearts a weake defence doth proue,
A woman whom no match hath ever sought,
Is euill guarded from this common thought.

Nun. If dead hee bee not, or that through the
ayre

No windes haue carryed him, him might I finde :
Eu. see him now, when least I thought I should :

The faithfull Shepheard.

O late for mee, for thee too quickly found;
Except the newes were better that I bring.

Tit. Brings thou the weapon that hath slaine
my child?

Nun. Not this but lesse: But how heard you
this newes?

Tit. Why liues shee then?

Nun. Shee liues, and may do still,
For in her choyce it is to liue or die.

Tit. Oh blest be thou that lifts me up from death:
But how is she unsafe, since at her choyce it is
To liue or die?

Nun. Because shee will not liue.

Tit. Shee will not liue? VVhat madnesse makes
her thus?

Nun. Anothers death: and if thou dost not moue
her,
Shee is so bent, as others send in vaine
Their praying words.

Tit. VVhy stay wee? let us goe.

Nun. What, so fast and faire, the Temple gates
are shut,

And know you not how it unlawfull is
For any one saue *sacerdotall* foote,
To touch the sacred ground, untill such time
The sacrifice unto the Altars comes,
Adorned with the Sanctuary rites?

Tit. How if shee respect her purpose in the while?

Nun. Shee cannot, for shee's kept.

Tit. In the meane time,
Then tell truely how all this is come to passe.

Nun. Thy mournefull child now come before the
Priest

VVith

The faithfull Shepheard.

With lookes of feare and grieve that teares brought
forth,

Not onely from us by, but by my troth,
Ev'n from the pillars of the Temples selfe,
And hardest stones that seem'd to feele the same,
Was in a trice accus'd, convic't, condemn'd.

Tit. Oh wretched child, and why was shee
condemn'd?

Nun. Because the grounds of her defence were
small:

Besides, a certaine *Nymph*, whom she did call
In testimony of her innocence,

Was absent now, and none could find her out:

And fearefull signes, and monstrous accidents

Of horror in the Temple proov'd the doubt,

As dolorous to us, as strange and rare,

Not seene since we did feele the heavenly ire

That did revenge *Amintas* loue betrayde,

The first beginning of our misery.

Diana swet out bloud, the Earth did shake,

The sacred Caue did bellow out unwonted howling

And dire deadly cries:

Withall, it breath'd out such a stinking mist,

As *plutoes* impure kingdome hath no worse.

And now with sacred orders goes the Priest

To bring thy daughter to her bloody end,

The whilst *Mirtillo* (wondrous thing to tell)

Offer'd by his owne death, to giue her life

Crying, unbind those hands (unworthy strings)

And in her steed that should be Sacrific'd

Vnto *Diana* draw me to the Altars

A Sacrifice to my faire *Amarillis*.

Tit. O admirable deed of faithfull loue

And

The faithfull Shepheard.

And noble heart.

Nun. Now heare a miracle :
Shee that before so fearefull was to dye,
Chang'd on the sodaine by *Mirtilloes* words,
Thus answers with a bold undaunted heart :
Think'st thou (my deare) then by thy death to gaine
Life to her death, that by thy life doth liue.
O miracle unjust: on Ministers, on on, why doe
you stay?

Lead mee forthwith unto mine end: I'le no such
pitty I.

Mirtill replies, Liue cruell pitteous loue,
My heart his spightfull pittie doth reprove :
To me it longs to die. Nay then to me
(She answers) that by Law condemned am :
And heere a new begins a wondrous strife,
As though that life were death, and death were life.
(O soules well borne) O couple worthy of
Eternall honour, never dying prayse :
O living, and o dying glorious lovers.
Had I so many tongues, so many voyces,
As heaven hath eyes, or Ocean sea hath sands :
All would be dumbe and hoarse in setting out
Their wondrous and incomprehended prayse.
Eternall child of heaven, o glorious dame,
That mortall deedes enchroniclest to time,
Write thou this History, and it infold
In solid Diamond with words of gold.

Tit. But what end had this mortall quarrell
then?

Nun. *Mirtillo* vanquisheth? O rare debate,
Where dead on living gets the victory.
The priest speaks to your child, be quiet Nymph,

The faithfull Shepheard.

We cannot change this doome, for he must die
That offers death, our law commands it so:
And after bids, your daughter should be kept,
Lest griefs extreme should bring her desperate death.
Thus stood the state when *Montane* sent me for thee.

Tit. In sooth t'is true, sweet scented flowers shall
cease

To dwell on Rivers bankes, and woods in Spring
Shall be without their Leaues, before a Mayde
Adorn'd with youth, shall set sweet loue at naught:
But if we stay still heere, how shall we know
When it is time unto the Church to go?

Nun. Heere best of all, for in this place alas,
Shall the good Shepheard sacrificized be.

Tit. And why not in the Church?

Nun. Because there where
The fault is done, the punishment must bee.

Tit. And why not in the caue? there was the fault

Nun. Because to open skies it must be hallow'd.

Tit. And how knowst thou all these misteriall
rites?

Nun. From the High-priest, who from *Tireno* had
them,

For true *Amintas* and untrue *Lucrine*,
Were sacrificized so: But now t'is time to goe;
See where the sacred pompe softly descends:
Twere well done of us by this other way,
To go unto the Temple to thy daughter.

Act 2

The faithfull Shepheard.

ACT. 5. SCEN. 3.

*Chorus of Shepheards, Chorus of Priests,
Montanus, Mintillo.*

Chorus of Shepheards.

OH daughter of great Ioue, sister of *phœbus* bright,
Thou second *Titan*, to the blunder world that
givest light.

Chor. Pri. Thou that with thy well temper'd vi-
tall ray,

Thy brothers wondrous heate dost well allay,
VWhich mak'st sweete Nature happily bring forth
Rich fertile births of Hearbs, of Beasts, of Men:
As thou his heat dost quench, so calme thine ire
That sets *Arcadias* wretched hearts on fire.

Chor. Shep. O daughter of great Ioue &c.

Mon. Yea sacred Priests the Altars ready make,
Shepheards devout reiterate your sounds,
And call upon the name of our great Goddesse.

Chor. Shep. O daughter of great Ioue. &c.

Mon. Now Shepheards stand aside, nor you
my servants

Come not neere, except I call for you.
Valiant young man, that to giue life else where
Abandonest thine owne, die comforted thus farre:
Tis but a speedy sigh, which you must passe;
For so seemes death to noble minded sprights,
That once perform'd, this envious age,
VVith thousands of her yeares shall not deface

The

The faithfull Shepheard.

The memory of such a gentle deed :
But thou shalt liue the example of true faith.
But for the Law commands thee sacrific'd,
To die without a word, before thou kneel'st,
If thou hast ought to say, say it, and hold thy peace
For ever after that.

Mir. Father, let it be lawfull that I call thee so,
For though thou gav'st not, yet thou tak'st my life :
My body to the ground I doe bequeath, my soule
To her that is my life : but if thee die,
As shee hath threatned to doe, aye mee,
VWhat part of mee shall then remaine aliue,
Oh death were sweet, if but my mortall parts
Might dye, and that my soule did not desire the
same :

But if his pittie ought deserues that dyes,
For soveraigne pittie then curteous father,
Provide shee doe not dye ; and with that hope
More comforted, He say my destinies,
Though with my death you me from her disjoyne,
Yet make her liue, that shee may me retaine.

Mon. Scarfe I containe from teares : o frayle man-
kind !

Be of good cheere my sonne, I promise thy desire,
I sweare it by this head, this hand take thou for
pledge,

Mir. Then comforted, I dye all comforted.
To thee my *ma illis* doe I come,
Soule of the faithfull Shepheard, as thine owne
Do thou receiue, for in thy loved name
My words and life I will determine straight :
So now to death I kneele and hold my peace.

Mon. On sacred Ministers, kindle the flame

VWith

The faithfull Shepheard.

With Frankinsence and Mirrhe, and Incense throw
thereon

That the thicke vapoure may on high ascend.

Chor. Shep. O daughter of great Ioue &c.

ACT. 5. SCEN. 4.

*Carino, Montanio, Nicander, Mirtillo,
Chorus of Shepheards.*

Carino.

WHat Countrey-men are heere, so brauely furnished

Almost all in a Livery? Oh what a show
Is heere? how rich, how full of pompe it is?
Trust mee I thinke it is some sacrifice.

Mon. Reach mee (*Nicander*) the golden Bason,
That containes the Iuyce of *Bacchus* fruit.

Nic. Behold t^ris ready heere.

Mon. So may this faultlesse bloud
Thy brest (Oh sacred Goddess) mollifie,
As do these falling droppes of Wine extinguish
This blasfing flame. So, take the Bason, there;
Giue me the silver ewer now:

Nic. Behold the Ewer.

Mon. So may thine anger cease with that same
faithlesse Nymph
Provok't, as doth this fire this falling streame exting-
uish.

Car. This is some sacrifice, but where's the holo-
caust? (end.

Mon. Now all is fit, there wants nought but the
Giue

The faithfull Shepheard.

Giue me the Axe. *Car.* If I be not deceiv'd,
I see a thing that by his backe seemeth a man :
He kneeles, he is perhaps the holocaust,
O wretch t'is so, the Priest holds him by t'head :
And hast thou not unhappy countrey yet,
After so many yeares heavens rage appeas'd ?

Chor. Shep. O daughter of great Ioue, sister of
Phœbus bright,
Thou second *Titan*, to the blinder world that givest
light.

Mon. Revengefull Goddesse that for private fault,
Dost publicke punishment on us inflict,
(Whether it be thy onely will or else
Eternall providence immutable command)
Since the infected bloud of (*Lucrina* false)
Might not thy burning justice then appease,
Drinke now this innocent and voluntary sacrifice,
No lesser faithfull then *Amintas* was,
That at thy sacred Altar in thy dire revenge I kill.

Chor. Shep. O daughter of great Ioue, sister of
Phœbus bright,
Thou second *Titan*, to the blinder world that givest
light.

Mon. O how I feele my heart waxe tender now,
Binding my senses with unusuall maze :
So both my heart not dares, my hands unable are
To lift this Axe.

Car. I'le see this wretches face,
And then depart : for pity will not let me stay.

Mon. Perhaps against the Sunne my strength doth
faile,
And t'is a fault to sacrifice against the Sunne,
Turne thou thy dying face toward this hill.

The faithfull Shepherd.

So now, t'is well.

Car. O wretch! what do I see?

My sonne *Mirtillo*, is not this my sonne?

Mon. So now I can. *Car.* It is even so.

Mon. VVho lets my blow?

Car. What dost thou sacred Priest?

Mon. O man prophane,

Why hast thou held this holy Axe? how darest

Thou thy rash hands impose upon the same?

Car. O my *Mirtillo*, how cam'st thou to this?

Nic. Goe dotard old and foolish, insolent.

Car. I never thought t'haue thee imbraced thus.

Nic. Patch stand aside, thou mayst not handle things

Sacred unto the Gods, with hands impure.

Car. Deare to the Gods am also I, that by

Their good direction hither came even now.

Mon. *Nicander* cease, heare him, and turne him hence.

Car. Then curteous Priest, before thy sword doth light

Vpon his necke, why dyes this wretched Boy?

I, by the Goddesse, thou ador'st, beseech thee tell.

Mon. By such a heavenly power thou conjur'st,

That I were wicked if I thee denied:

But what wilt profit thee?

Car. More than thou think'st.

Mon. Because he for another willing is to die.

Car. Dye for another? then I for him will dye:

For pittie then, thy falling blow direct,

Instead of his, upon this wretched necke.

Mon. Thou dotest friend.

Car. And will you mee deny

That

The faithfull Shepherd.

That which you grant another man?

Mon. Thou art

A stranger man.

Car. How if I were not so?

Mon. No, could'st thou, for hee dyes but by exchange.

But tell mee, what art thou? thy habite shewes

Thou art a stranger, no *Arcadian* borne.

Car. I an *A. cadian* am.

Mon. I not remember

That I ever saw thee earst.

Car. Heere was I borne.

Carino cald, and father of this wretch.

Mon. Art thou *Mintilloes* father then? thou com'st

Unluckily both for thy selfe and mee:

Stand now aside, lest with thy fathers teares,

Thou makest fruitlesse, vaine our Sacrifice.

Car. If thou a father wert?

Mon. I am a father man,

A tender father of an onely sonne:

Yet were this same, my *Silvies* head, my hand

Should be as ready for't as t'is for this:

For he this sacred habite shall unworthy weare,

That to a publike good, his private doth preferre,

Car. O let me kisse him yet before he dye.

Mon. Thou mayst not man.

Car. Art thou so cruell sonne

Thou wilt not answer thy sad father once?

Mir. Good father hold your peace.

Mon. O wretched wee

The holocaust contaminate, ô Gods!

Mir. The life you gaue, I cannot better giue,

Then for her sake, who sole deserues to liue.

Mon. Oh

The faithfull Shepheard.

Mon. Oh thus I thought his fathers teares would
make

Him breake his silence.

Mir. Wretch with errour haue

I done, the law of silence quite I had forgot.

Mon. On Ministers, why doe we stay so long?

Carry him to the Temple backe to th'holy Cell,
There take againe his voluntary vow.

Then bring him backe, And bring new Water too,
New Wine, new Fire : dispatch, the Sunne growes
low.

ACT. 5. SCEN. 5.

Montan. Carino, Dametas.

Montan.

BUt thanke thou heavens thou aged impudens;
Thou art his father? if thou wert not: well,
(I sware by this same sacred habite on my head I
weare)

Thou should'st soone taste how ill I Brooke thy bold-
nesse.

Why, know'st thou who I am? know'st thou that
with

This Rod I rule affayres both humane and diuine?

Car. I cry you mercie holy sacred Priest.

Mon. I suffered thee so long, till thou grow'st infe-
lent.

Knowest thou not Rage that Iustice firreth up,

The

The faithfull Shepheard.

The longer t'is delayde, the greater t'is ?

Car. Tempestuous fury never waigned rage,
In breſts magnanimous, but that one blaſt
Of Generous effect could coole the ſame :
But if I cannot grace obtaine, let me
Find juſtice yet, you cannot that deny,
Law makers be not freed from the lawes :
I aſke you juſtice, juſtice grant me then,
You are unjuſt if you *Mirtillo* kill.

Mon. Let me then know how I can be unjuſt ?

Car. Did you not tell me it unlawfull was
To ſacrifice a ſtrangers bloud ?

Mon. I told you ſo,
And told you that which heavens did command.

Car. He is a ſtranger you would ſacrifice.

Mon. A ſtranger, how ? is hee not then thy
ſonne ?

Car. Let it ſuffiſe, and ſeeke no further now.

Mon. Perhaps becauſe you not begot him heere.

Car. Oft he leaſt knowes, that moſt would un-
derſtand.

Mon. Heere wee the kindred meane, and not the
place.

Car. I call him ſtranger, for I got him not.

Mon. Is he thy ſonne, and thou begotſt him not ?

Car. He is my ſonne, though I begot him not.

Mon. Didſt thou not ſay that hee was borne of
thee ?

Car. I ſaid he was my ſonne, not borne of mee.

Mon. Extremitie of griefe hath made thee mad.

Car. If I were mad, I ſhould not feele my griefe.

Mon. Thou art ore-mad, or elſe a lying man.

Car. A lying man will never tell the truth.

Mon. How

The faithfull Shepheard.

Mon. How can it bee, sonne and not sonne at once?

Car. The sonne of loue, and not of nature hee's.

Mon. Is he thy sonne? he is no stranger then:

If not, thou hast no part at all in him:

Father or not, thus thou convinced art.

Car. With words and not with truth I am convinc't.

Mon. His faith is doubted that his words contraries.

Car. Yet do I say thou dost a deed unjust.

Mon. On this my head, and on my *Silvies* head,
Let my injustice fall.

Car. You will repent it.

Mon. You shall repent, if you my duty hinder.

Car. I call to witnesse men and Gods.

Mon. Gods you
To witnesse call, that you despised haue.

Car. Since you'le not heare mee, heare mee
heaven and earth.

Mirill a stranger is, and not my sonne,
You do prophane your holy sacrifice.

Mon. Heavens aide mee from this Bedlam man;
Who is his father since hee's not your sonne?

Car. I cannot tell you, I am sure not I.

Mon. See how he wavers, is he not of your blood?

Car. Oh no.

Mon. Why do you call him sonne?

Car. Because I from his cradle haue him nourish't
still,

And ever lov'd him like my sonne.

Mon. Bought you him? stole you him? where had
you him?

Car. A

The faithfull Shepherd.

Car. A curious stranger in *Elidis* gaue me him.

Mon. And that same stranger, where had hee the child?

Car. I gaue him.

Mon. Thou moov'st at once disdain and laughter.

First thou him gau'st, and then had'st him in gift.

Car. I gaue him that which I with him had found.

Mon. And where had you him?

Car. In a low hole,

Of dainty Mirtle trees upon *Alpheus* banke:

And for this cause *Mirtillo* I him call'd.

Mon. Here's a fine tale, what haue your woods no beasts?

Car. Of many sorts.

Mon. How scap'd he being devour'd?

Car. A speedy Torrent brought him to this hole,

And left him in the bosome of a little Ile,

On every side defended with the streame.

Mon. And were your streames so pittifall they drown'd him not?

Your Rivers gentle are that children nurse

Car. Laid in a cradle like a little ship,

With other stufte the waters wound together,

He was safe brought by chance unto this hole.

Mon. Laid in a cradle?

Car. In a cradle laid.

Mon. And but a child?

Car. I but a tender child.

Mon. How long was this agoe?

Car. Cast up your count

Is it not nineteene yeares since the great floud?

So long tis since.

Mon. Oh

The faithfull Shepheard.

Mon. Oh how I feele a horror shake
My bones.

Car. He knowes not what to say ?
Oh wicked act, orecome yet will not yeeld :
Thinking t'outstrip me in his wit, as much
As in his force, I heare him murmur,
Yet he nill bewray that he convinced is.

Mon. What interest had the man you spoke of in
That child ? was he his sonne ?

Car. I cannot tell.

Mon. Had hee no better Knowledge then of it
then thus ?

Car. Nor that know I.

Mon. Know you him if you see him ?

Car. Hee seem'd a Shepheard by his Cloathes and
face,

Of middle stature, of blacke haire his beard
And eye-browes were exceeding thicke.

Mon. Shepheards, come hither soone.

Dam. Behold we are ready here.

Mon. Which of these did he resemble then ?

Car. Him whom you talke withall he did not onely
seeme,

But 'tis the same, who though't bee twenty yeares
agoe,

Hath not awhit alter'd his ancient looke.

Mon. Stand then aside, *Dametas* stay with mee,
Tell me, know'st thou this man ?

Dam. Me seemeth so,
But yet I know not where.

Car. Him can I put in minde.

Mon. Let me alone, stand you aside awhile.

Car. I your commandment willingly obey.

Mon. Now

The faithfull Shepherd.

Mon. Now answer me *Dametas*, and take heed
You do not lye, t'is almost twentie yeares
Since you return'd from seeking out my child,
Which the outrageous River bare away:
Did you not tell me you had search'd in vaine
All that same countrey with *Alpheus* waters?

Da. Why aske you this?

Mon. Did not you tell me him you could not find?

Da. I grant I told you so.

Mon. What child then was it (tell me) which you
gaue

Vnto this stranger which did know you here?

Da. Will you I should remember what I did
So long agoe? old men forgetfull are.

Mon. Is not he old? yet he remembers it.

Da. Tush he doth rather dote.

Mon. That shall we see,
Come hither stranger, come.

Car. I come. *Da.* Oh that
Thou wert as farre beneath the ground.

Mon. Tell mee,
Is this the shepherd that gaue thee the gift?

Car. This same is hee.

Da. What gift is't thou speak'st of?

Car. Dost not remember in the temple of *Olimpick*
Ioue,

Having had answer of the Oracle,
And being ready to depart, I met with thee,
And ask'd thee of the Oracle, which thou declar'dst,
After I tooke thee home unto my house,
Where did'st thou not giue me an Infant child,
Which in a cradle thou had'st lately found?

Da. And what of that?

H

Car. This

The faithfull Shepheard.

Car. This is that very child,
Which ever since I like mine owne haue kept,
And at these Altars must be sacrific'd.

Da. O force of destiny.

Mon. Yet wilt thou faine?

Is it not true which he hath told thee heere?

Da. Oh were I dead as sure as it is true.

Mon. And wherefore did'st thou giue anothers
goods?

Da. O master seeke no more, let this suffice.

Mon. Yet wilt thou hold me off and say no more?
Villaine thou dyest if I but aske againe.

Da. Because the Oracle foretold me that the child
Should be in danger on his fathers hands
His death to haue if he returned home.

Car. All this is true, for this he told me then.

Mon. Ay me, it is too manifest, the case is cleare.

Car. What resteth then, would you more prooffe
than this?

Mon. The prooffe's too great, too much haue you
declar'd,

Too much I understand, *o Carino, Carino,*
How I change grieffe and fortunes now with thine,
How thy affections now are waxen mine,
This is my sonne, O most unhappy sonne,
Of a more wretched father. More savage was
The water in him saying, than in running quite away,
Since at these sacred Altars by thy fathers hands
Thou must be slaine, a wofull sacrifice,
And thy poore blood must wash thy natie soyle.

Car. Art thou *Mistiloees* father then? howe lost
you him?

Mon. The deluge ravisht him, whom when I lost,
I left

The faithfull Shepherd.

I left more safe, now found I leese him most.

Car. Eternall providence which with thy counsell
hast

Brought all these occurrents to this onely poynt,
Th'art great with child of some huge monstrous
birth,

Either great good or ill thou wilt bring forth.

Mon. This t'was my sleepe foretold, deceitfull
sleepe.

In ill too true, in good too lying still.

This was th'unwonted pittie, and the sudden horror
that

I felt to stay the axe and shake my bones :

For nature sure abhorres a stroke should come

From fathers hands, so vilde abominable.

Car. Will you then execute the wicked sacrifice ?

Mon. By other hands he may not at these Altars
die.

Car. Why will the father murder then the sonne ?

Mon. So bids our law, and were it pittie to spare
Him since the true *Amyntas* would not spare him-
selfe?

Car. O wicked Fates, me whither haue ye brought?

Mon. To see two fathers soveraigne pittie made a
homicide,

Your ~~to~~ *Mirrillo*, mine unto the Gods,

His father you denying for to bee,

Him thought to saue, and him you lost thereby;

Thinking and seeking, I to kill your sonne,

Mine owne haue found, and must mine owne goe
kill.

Car. Behold the monster horrible this fate brings
forth.

The faithfull Shepheard.

O cruell chance (*Mirtillo*) ô my life.

Is this that which the Oracle told of thee ?

Thus in my natue soyle hast thou me happy made ?

O sonne of me poore old and wretched man,

Lately my hope, my life, now my dispaire and death.

Mon. To me *Carino* leaue these wofull teares,

I plaine my bloud : my bloud, why say I so,

Since I it shead ? poore sonne why got I thee ?

Why wert thou borne ? did the milde waters saue thy

The cruell father might the same bereaue ? (life,

Sacred immortall powers, without whose deep insight

No waue doth stirre in seas, no blast in skies,

No lease upon the earth, what great offence

Haue I committed, that I worthy am

With my poore off-spring for to warre with heauen ?

If I offended haue, ô yet my sonne

What hath he done you cannot pardon him ?

O *Iupiter* the great disdainefull blast

Would quickly suffocate my aged sense,

But if thy thunderbolts will not, my weapons shall.

The dolorous example I'le renew,

Of good *Amyntas* our beloved Priest,

My sonne amaz'd shall see his father slaine,

Ere I a father will goe kill my sonne :

Die thou *Montanus*, 'tis onely fit for thee,

O powers, I cannot say whether of heauen or hell,

That agitate with grieve dispairefull mindes,

Behold your fury, thus it pleaseth you.

I nought desire saue onely speedy death,

A poore desire my wretched life to end,

Some comfort seemes to my sad spright to send.

Car. Wretched old man, as greater flames do dine

The lesser lights, even so the sorrow I

The faithfull Shepheard.

Do of thy grieſe conceiue, hath put out mine,
Thy caſe alone deſerveth pittie now.

- ACT. 5. SCEN. 6.

Tirenio, Montanus, Carino.

Softly my ſonne, and ſet thy feet ſecure,
Thou muſt uphold me in this rugged way;
Thou art my bodies eye I am thy mindes,
And when thou com'ſt before the Priſt, there ſtay.

Mon. Is't not the reverend *Tirenio* which I ſee?
Who blind on earth, yet ſeeth all in heaven?
Some great thing moves him thus, theſe many yeares
I ſaw him not out of his holy Cell.

Car. God grant he brings us happy newes.

Mon. Father *Tirenio*, what's the newes with you?
You from the temple? how comes this to paſſe?

Tire. To you I come for newes, yet bring you newes;
How oft blind eyes doe ayde the inward fight,
The whil'ſt the minde untravel'd with wilde fights,
Withdrawes into it ſelfe, and *Linceus* eyes
Doth ſet a worke in fightleſſe ſenſes blinde.
We may not *Montane* paſſe ſo lightly ore
The unexpected things, that heavenly mixture tempers
with humane,

Beauſe the Gods do not conuerſe on earth,
Nor parly hold with mortall men at all.
But all theſe workes ſo great ſo wonderfull,
Which the blinde world to blinder chance aſcribes,
Is nothing but celeftiall counsell talke,
So ſpeake th'eternall powers amongſt themſelves,
Whoſe voyces though they touch their deafened eares,

The faithfull Shepheard.

Yet do they sound to hearts that understand.
O foure, o fixe times happy he that understands it
well.

The good *Nicander* as thou didst command,
Stayes to conduct the holy sacrifice,
But I retain'd him by an accident
That's newly false: the which (I know not) all
Unwonted and confus'd, twixt hope and feare,
Dulleth my sense. I cannot understand, and yet the
lesse

I comprehend, the more I do conceive.

Mon. That which you know not wretch, I know
too well,

But tell me can the Fates hide ought from thee?
That piercest to the deep'st of Destinies.

Tire. If (sonne) the use divine of light prophetically
Were natures gift, and not the gift of heaven,
Then might'st thou see as well as I, that Fates
Secrets sometime deny our working mindes,
This onely 'tis that makes me come to thee,
That I might better be inform'd who 'tis
That is discovered father to the youth
That's doom'd to die (if I *Nicander* understand.)

Mon. That father you desire to know am I.

Tire. You father of our Goddesses sacrifice?

Mon. I am the wretched father of that wretched
sonne.

Tire. Of that same faithfull Shepheard, that to
giue
Life to another, giues himselfe to death?

Mon. His that by death giveth another life,
Yet by that death kills him that gaue him life.

Tire. And is this true?

Mon. Behold

The faithfull Shepheard.

Mon. Behold my witnesse heere.

Car. That which he saith is true.

Tire. And who art thou ?

Car. I am *Carino* his father thought till now.

Tire. Is this the child the floud so bare away ?

Mon. The very same.

Tire. And for this then dost thou

Montanus call thy selfe a wretched father ?

O monstrous blindnesse of these earthly mindes,

In what a darke profound and misty night

Of errors be they drowned ? when thou o heavenly
sonne

Dost not enlighten them : *Montanus* thou

Art blinder in thy mind than I of eyes,

That dost not see thy selfe the happiest father

And dearest to the gods that ever yet did child beget.

This was the secret which the Fates did hide.

This is that happy day, with so much bloud

So many teares we did expect.

This is the blessed end of our distresse.

O thou *Montanus* turne into thy selfe,

How is the famous Oracle forgot,

Printed i'th hearts of all *Arcadia* ?

No end there is for that which you offends,

Till two of heavens issue loue unite,

The teares of joyes so satisfie my heart

I cannot utter it. No end there is,

No end there is to that which you offends,

Till two of heavens issue loue unite,

And for the ancient fault of that false wight,

A faithfull shepheards pittie make amends.

Tell me *Montanus*, is not this thy sonne

Heavens issue ? is not *Amarillis* so ?

The faithfull Shepheard.

Who hath united them but holy loue?
Silvio by parents force espoused was
To *Amarillis*, whom he hated still,
If thou the rest examine, you shall plainly see
The fatall voyce onely *Mirtillo* meant.
For since *Amyntas* chance where haue we seene
Such faith in loue that might coequall this?
Who since *Amyntas* willing was to die
For any Nymph onely *Mirtill* except.
This is that faithfull Shepherds pittie, which deserues
To cancell that same ancient error of *Lucrine*.
With this deed is the heavens ire appeas'd,
Rather than with the shedding humane blood,
Rendring unto th'eternall justice, that
Which female treachery did take away.
Hence t'was no sooner he unto the temple came,
There to renew his vow, but straight did cease
All those prodigious signes, now did
The holy Image sweat out blood no more,
Nor shooke the ground, nor any noyse or stinch
Came from the Caue, saue gracious harmony,
And odours. O sweet mighty providence,
O heavenly Gods, had I all words, all hearts,
All to thy honour would I consecrate:
But to my power Ile render you your due.
Behold upon my knees ô heavenly powers,
I praise your name, how much am I oblig'd
That you haue let me liue unto this day?
An hundred yeares I haue already worne,
And never yet was life so sweet as now:
I but begin to liue, now am I borne againe.
Why leese I time with words that unto deedes is due?
Helpe me up sonne, without thee can I not

Vpraise

The faithfull Shepheard.

Vpraise these weake and feeble members sonne.

Mon. *Tirenio* hath wak't such joy in me
Vnited yet with such a miracle
As I scarce feele I joy, nor can my soule
Confounded shew me high retained mirth,
O gracious pittie of the highest Gods,
O fortunate *Arcadia*, O earth,
More happy than all earths beneath the sunne,
So deare's thy good, I haue forgot mine owne,
And my beloved sonnes, whom twice I lost,
And twice againe haue found, these seeme a drop
To the huge waues of thy great good: ô dreame,
O blessed dreame, celestiall vision rather.

Arcadia now thou waxest bright againe.

Tire. Why stay wee *Montane* now? heavens not
expect

A sacrifice of rage, but thanks and loue,
In stead of death our Goddesse now commands
Of marriage knot a sweet solemnitie:
But say how farre's to night?

Mon. Not past one houre.

Ti. Then to the temple turne, where let thy sonne
Espoused be to *Amarillis* straight, whom he may lead
Vnto his fathers house before the sunne be set,
So heavens command. Come, goe *Montanus* goe.

Mon. Take heed *Tirenio* we do not violate
Our holy law, can she her faith now giue
Vnto *Mirtillo*, which she *Silvio* gaue?

Car. And unto *Silvio* may she giue her faith,
So said thy servant, was *Mirtillo* call'd,
Though I more lik'd *Mirtillo* him to name.

Mon. That's very true, I did revive his name
In this my younger sonne.

The faithfull Shepheard.

Tie. That doubt's well clear'd, now let us goe.

Mon. Carino go with us, this day *Mirtillo* hath
Two fathers found, *Montane* a sonne, and thou
a brother.

Car. In loue *Mirtilloes* father, and your brother,
In reverence a servant to you both:
And since you are so kind to me, I pray you then
Bid my companion welcome for my sake.

Mon. Most welcome both.

Car. Eternall heavenly powers,
How diuerse are your high untroden wayes
By which your favours doe on us descend,
From those same crook't deceitfull pathes whereby
Our thoughts would faine mount up into the sky?

ACT. 5. SCENE. 7.

Corisca. Linco.

L*inco*, belike the spightfull *Silvio*
When least he meant, a Lover is become,
But what became of her?

Lin. We carryed her
To *Silvioes* house, whose mother her imbrac't
With teares of joy or grieve I know not whether,
Glad that her sonne is waxt a loving spouse,
But sorry for the Nymphs mishap, and that
She is a stepdame evill furnished
Of two daughters in Law: playning one dead,
Another wounded.

Cor. Is *Amarillia* dead?

Lin. She must die fraight, for so doth fame report,
For

The faithfull Shepheard.

For this I goe to comfort old *Montanus*,
Who leeing one sonnes wife, hath found another.

Cor. Then doth *Dorinda* liue?

Lia. Liue? I 'twere well

Thou wert so well.

Cor. Her wound not mortall was.

Lia. Had shee beene dead, yet *Silvies* cunning
would

Haue her reviv'd.

Cor. What art her heal'd so soone?

Lia. From top to toe ile tell the wondrous cure.

About the wounded Nymph stood men and women,
Each with a ready hand, but trembling heart.

But faire *Dorinda* would not any should
Saue *Silvio* touch her, saying that the hand

Which was her hurt, should be her remedy.

Silvio, his mother, and I, stay'd there alone,

Working with counsell too, one with his hand,

Silvio when gently he had wip'd away.

The bloody streames that stain'd her Ivory flesh,

Assayes to draw the shaft out of the wound,

But the vilde Steele yeelding unto his hand,

Left hidden in the wound the harmefull head.

Hence came the grieve, for 'twas impossible

With cunning hand or dainty instrument,

Or other meanes, to draw it out from thence.

Opening the wound perhaps with wider wound

He might haue found the Steele with other Steele.

So mought he do, or so he must haue done,

But too too pittious, and too loving now

Was *Silvies* hand, for such like cruell pittie

By such hard meanes, lone never healeth wounds.

Although it seem'd to her that paine it selfe

Was

The faithfull Shepheard.

Was pleasant now betweene her *Silvies* hands.
He not amaz'd sayes thus : this head shall our,
And with lesse paine than any will beleue.
I put it there, and though I be not able straight
To take it out, yet with the use of hunting
I will restore the losse I haue by hunting.
I doe remember now an herbe that is well knowne
Vnto the savadge Goate when he is wounded
With some Huntsmans shaft : this they to us,
Nature to them bewray'd, and t'is hard by.
All suddenly he parts unto a neighbour hill,
And there a bundle gathers, straight to us
He comes, and out he drawes the juyce thereof,
And mingles it with vervine seed, and roote
Of Centaures blood, making a playster soft,
Which on the wound he laies : vertue miraculous,
The paine straight ceas'd, the blood was quickly staid,
The Steele straightway without or toile or paine,
The workemans hand obeying, issues out.
And now her strength returnes to her againe,
As though she had not suffered wound at all :
Nor was it mortall, for it had untoucht
Both left the bones and bellies outward runne,
And onely pierst into the muscouse flanke.

Co. Great vertue of an herbe, but much more great
For fortune of a woman hast thou told.

Lin. That which betweene them past when this
was done,
Is better to be gess'd at than be told.
Dorinda sure is well, and with her side
Can serue her selfe to any use she likes.
Thou think'st she hath endur'd more wounds by
this.

But

The faithfull Shepheard.

But as the piercing weapons divers are,
So are the wounds: of some the griefe is sharpe,
Of some t'is sweet, one healing waxeth found,
The lesse another heales, the sounder t'is.
In hunting he to shoote such pleasure found,
That now he loues he cannot choose but wound.

Cor. Still thou wilt be that amorous *Linco*.

Lin. In minde but not in force my deare *Corisca*,
Greece bloomes desire within this aged trunk.
Now Amarillus hath resign'd her life,
I will go see what deare *Mintillo* doth.

ACT 5. SCEN. 8.

Ergasto. Corisca.

Erga.

O day of wonders, day all loue, all grace,
All joy, ô happy land, ô heavens benigne.

Cor. See where *Ergasto* is, he comes in time.

Erg. Now all things joyfull are, the earth, the aire,
The skies, the fire, the world, and all things laugh.
Our joyes haue pierc't the lowest hell, nor is
There any place that not partakes our blisse.

Cor. How jocund is this man?

Erg. O happy woods.

That often sigh'd and wept our wofull case,
Enjoy our joyes, and use as many tongues
As leaues that leape at sound of these sweet windes,
Which fill'd with our rejoycings calmedly smiles,
Sing they the sweet adventures of these friends.

Cor. He speakes of *Silvio* and *Dorinda* sure;

Well.

The faithfull Shepherd.

Well, we must liue, teares are no sooner eb'd,
But straight the flood of joy comes huffing in,
Of *Amarillis* not a word hee speakes
Onely takes care to joy with them that joy.
Why t'is well done, for else this humane life
Would still be full of sighes: whither away
Ergasto go'st so pleasantly, unto some marriage?

Erg. Even so, but hast thou heard the happy chance
Of the two fortunate Lovers? is't not rare *Corisca*?

Cor. To my contentment even now I heard
it all

Of *Linco*, and 't doth somewhat mitigate
The grieve I for my *Amarillis* feelee.

Erg. Why *Amarillis*? Of whom think'st thou I
speake?

Cor. Of *Silvio* and *Dorinda* man.

Erg. What *Silvio*? what *Dorinda*? thou know'st
nought,

My joy growes from a higher noble roote.

I *Amarillis* and *Mirtillo* sing,

The best contented subjects of loves ring.

Cor. Why is not *Amarillis* dead?

Erg. How dead?

I tell thee shee's a bright and merry Bride.

Cor. Was she not then condemned unto death?

Erg. She was condemn'd, but soone releast againe.

Cor. Tel'st thou me dreames? or dreaming do I
heare?

Erg. Thine eyes shall tell thee if thou'lt stay a
while,

Soone shalt thou see her with her faithfull friend

Come from the Temple, where they plighted haue

Their marriage troth, and so go to *Montanus* house

The faithfull Shepheard.

To reape sweet fruit of their long amorous toiles.
O hadst thou seene (*Corisca*) the huge joy,
The mighty noyse of joyfull voyces, and
Th'innumerable troupes of men and women,
Thou should'st haue seene, old, young, sacred and
prophane,

But little lesse than mad or drunke with mirth.
With wonder who ranne not unto the lovers?
Each reverence to each them embraced were.
Some prais'd their pittie, some their constancy.
Some prais'd the gifts that *Ioue*, and some that nature
gaue.

The hills, the dales, the medowes did resound,
The glorions name of faithfull shepheard,
From a poore shepheard to become so soone
A Demi-God, and in a moment passe
From life to death, the neighbour obsequies
To change for unexpected and dispaired nuptialls.
This is somewhat (*Corisca*) but not halfe,
Her to enjoy, for whom he sought to die,
Her that disdain'd to liue if hee had dy'd,
This is fortune, this is such a sweet
As thought prevents and yet thou art not glad.
Is not thy *Amarillis* then as deare to thee,
As my *Mirtillo* is to mee?

Cor. Yes, yes, *Ergasto*, see how glad I am.

Erg. O hadst thou seene but *Amarillis* when
She gaue *Mirtill* her hand for pledge, and tooke
His hand againe, thou easily hadst perceiv'd
A sweet but unseene kisse: I could not say
Whether she tooke it, or she gaue it him.
Her cheekes would haue the purest colour stain'd,
Purple or Roses, Art or nature brings,

How

The faithfull Shepheard.

How modesty was arm'd in dainty shield
Of sanguine beauty, with force of that stroke
Vnto the striker turned, whil't she all nice
Seemed as though she fled, but to recover force
Shee might more sweetly encounter that same blow,
Leaving it doubtfull if this kisse were given or ta'ne,
With such a wondrous Art it granted was.
This taken sweet, was like an action mixt
With rapine and with yeelding both at once,
And so curteous, that it seem'd to craue
The very thing that it denying gaue:
Such a retrait, and such a speedleise flight,
As mend the pace of the pursuers might.
O sweetest kisse, I cannot stay *Corisca*,
I goe directly I to finde a wife:
For mongst the joyes there is no pleasure sure,
If gentle loue do not the same procure.

Cor. If he say true, then thou *Corisca* hast lost all.

ACT. 5. SCEN. 9.

Chorus of Shepheards, Corisca, Amarillis, Mintillo.

Chor. Shep.

Come holy *Himeneus*, come this *Even*
According to our vowes, and to our songs,
Dresse thou these Lovers as them best belongs.
Both t'one and t'other of the seed of heaven.
Knit thou the farall knot this blessed *Even*.

Cor. Ah me it is too true, this is the fruit
Thou from thy store of vanities must reape.
O thoughts, o my desires, no lesse unjust

Than

The faithfull Shepheard.

Than false and vaine. Thus of an innocent
I sought the death to haue my beastly will,
So bloody cruell was I then, so blinde.
Who opens now mine eyes? Ah wretch, I see
My fault most foule that seem'd felicitie.

Chor. Shep. *Come holy Himeneus, &c.*

See faithfull Shepheard, after all thy teares,
All thy distresses, whither thou art come,
Is not this shee from thee was ta'ne away
By law of heaven and earth? by cruell fate?
By her chaste will? and by thy poore estate?
By her faith given another man, and by her death?
Behold *Mirtillo* now shee's onely thine,
This face, these eyes, this brest, these dainty hands,
All that thou see'st, hear'st, and feel'st, so often
sought

In vaine by thee, are now rewards become
Of thine undaunted faith, yet thou art dumbe.

Mir. How can I speake, I scarce know if I breathe,
Nor what I see, I scarce beleue I see:
Let *Amarillis* you that pleasure giue,
In her alone my soules affections liue.

Chor. Shep. *Come holy Himeneus &c.*

Cor. What do ye now with me treacherous toies,
Vilde frenzies of the body, spots of the soule?
You long enough haue me betrayed here,
Go get you to the earth, for earth you are,
You were th'armes erst of lascivious loue,
Trophees of chastity now may you prone.

Chor. Shep. *Come holy Himeneus, &c.*

Cor. Why triflest thou (*Corisca*)? now's fit time
Pardon to impetrate, fear'st thou thy paine?
Be bold, thy paine cannot be greater than thy fault.

Beauteous

The faithfull Shepheard.

Beauteous and blessed couple, of the skies
And earth belov'd, since to your glorious fate
This day hath meekely bow'd all earthly force,
Good reason she doe bow that gainst the same
Hath set a worke all of her earthly force.

Now *Amarillis* I will not deny

I did desire the same which you desir'd,

But you enjoy it, for you worthy were.

You doe enjoy the loyal'st man alive.

And you *Mirtillo* do enjoy the chafest Nymph

That ere the world hath bred. Beleeue you me,

For I a whetstone was unto your faith,

And to her chastitie. But curteous Nymph, before

Your anger doe discend on me, behold

Your husbands face, there shall you finde the force

Both of my fault and of your pardon too :

For in the vertue of such worthinesse,

You cannot choose but cause of pardon finde.

Besides you felt alas the selfesame-fire

That did inflame unfortunate desire.

Ama. I doe not only pardon thee *Corisca*, but

I count thee deare, th'effect beholding not the cause.

For fire and sword, although they wounds do bring,

Yet those once heal'd, to us so whole they are deare,

Howsoever thou prov'st or friend, or foe,

I am well pleas'd, the destinies did make

Thee the good instrument of my content.

Happy deceits, fortunate treacheries,

And if you please merry with us to be,

Come then and take part of our joyes with us.

Cor. I haue sufficient mirth you pardon me,

And that my heart is heal'd of her disease.

Mir. And I (*Corisca*) pardon all thy harmes,

The faithfull Shepheard.

Saue this delaying of my sweet content.

Cor. You and your mirth I to the Gods commend.

Chor. Shep. Come holy *Himeneus*, &c.

ACT. 5. SCEN. 10.

Mirtillo. Amarillis. Chorus of Shepheards.

Mirtill.

I am so tyed to paine, that in the midst
Of all my joyes I needs must languish still:
Is't not enough this ceremonious pompe
Doth hold us thus, but that *Corisca* must
Come in to hinder us?

Ama. Th'art to quicke my deare.

Mir. O my sweet treasure I am not secure,
Yet doe I quake for feare of leeing thee.
This seemes a dreame, and still I am afraid
My sleepe should breake, and thou my soule should'st
flye away.

In better prooffe my senses would I sleepe,
That this sweet sight is not a dreanning sleepe.

Chor. Shep. Come holy *Himeneus*, come this even
According to our vovyes, and to our songs
Dresse thou these Lovers as them best belongs.
Botht'one andt'other of the seed of heaven
Knit thou the fatest knot this blessed Even.

CHORVS.

The faithfull Shepheard.

CHORVS.

O Happy two,
That plaint's haue sow'd and reaped
smiles,
In many bitter grievous foyles
Haue you imbellish'd your desires,
Henceforth prepare your amorous fires,
And bolden up your tender sprights,
Vnto your true sincere delights.
You cannot haue a sounder joy,
There is no ill can you annoy.
This is true joy, true pleasure, and true mirth,
T which vertue got, in patience giueth birth.

FINIS.

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